PS 3503
E717 U6
1910a

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5

PS 3503
.E717
U6
1910a
Copy 1

)ER THE FLAG

A Romantic Drama in Prologue and Four Acts

BY

FRANKLIN BERNARD, L.L.B.

NOTICE—Amateurs do not require permission to produce this play.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28 & 30 WEST 38 STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

Another issue.

UNDER THE FLAG.

Prologue.

CHARACTERS IN PROLOGUE.

WILLARD BLAKE.....Diamond Broker
GEORGE MORRIS.....Chief Clerk
LARRY O'TOOLE.....Second Clerk
GERALD FIRMAN.....George Morris' Friend
JOHN FIRMAN .....Gerald's Father
RASTUS HEMINGWAY..... ....Janitor
JERRE DUNNE..... ...Blake's Pal.

Characters in Play.

GEORGE MORRIS.....Superintendent of Firman's Plantation
WILLARD BLAKE.....In disguise.
JERRE DUNNE..... In disguise.
RICARDO GUTIERREZ..Governor of the Province of Santiago, Cuba
LARRY O'TOOLE.....
JOHN FIRMAN.....Owner of the Plantation
GERALD FIRMAN.....His son.
RASTUS HEMINGWAY..A faithful Servant and Friend
WILLIAM EWING.....An American in the Cuban army
FATHER DELGATO.....A priest
SANCHEZ .....A farmhand.
ANTONIO.....A farmhand
PEDRO .... A negro jailer.

Farmhands, Soldiers, Insurgents, etc.

©CLD 22338

PS3503
.E7172
1910a

UNDER THE FLAG

PROLOGUE.

WILLARD BLAKE, *diamond broker's office, practical door and window* R. *in back; partition to* R. *running from back to front; safe (for diamonds) to* R. *against partition; desk at* L. *with chair, etc.; desk and chairs in small room made by partition, being private office of* BLAKE. *Desk with high stool behind in left corner. Door at at back in private office. Hooks for hats, etc., and small mirror.* BLAKE, *discovered seated at office desk* L. *searching through drawers (facing audience). Music at rise.*

BLAKE. Where did I put that letter from Dunne & Harens—(*searching in pockets and desk*) I intended to destroy it at once—I am sure I put it in the drawer with some other papers! Should it happen to fall into the hands of the police, I, Honorable Willard Blake, the wealthy and respected diamond merchant and candidate for Congress and also for the hand of Miss Alice Firman, an heiress of the wealthiest and most honorable family in America—would—(*still searching*) find myself in a cell of the Tombs prison instead of a comfortable seat in Congress at Washington. No—not here—I must have left it at home—No, I'm sure I put it in here—as I was about to destroy it when a customer entered—I told that fool never to write anything—I feel a trifle nervous, think I will take something to pull myself together. (*goes*

into private office, unlocks cupboard, takes out bottle and glass and pours out liquor, is about to drink, then listens, then about to drink again)

(*Enter* JERRE DUNNE *at* D. *back in main office, sees no one, then goes to door between main office and private office, looks in at* BLAKE)

Well, here's health and success to my own particular friend!

DUNNE. Jerre Dunne!—Why! what's the matter, Willard, you look as pale around the gills as a sick chicken and you're a-shakin' like a dish of calves'-foot jelly!

BLAKE. How often have I told you not to steal in on me in this manner? (*puts down liquor on desk*)

DUNNE. But you never told me not to steal out for you in any manner! What! ain't yer goin' to drink the good old stuff? (*takes up liquor*) you always did drink the best—Well, here's lookin' at yer (*drinks*). What's the matter with yer any way—you're gettin' as timid as a jack-rabbit, now you wa'nt that way when we were doin' the smuggling act between Mexico and Texas and——

BLAKE. Silence! I say never mention that again. In those days I was in for anything that brought adventure and wild excitement, but here I am an honored citizen and respectable member of society.

DUNNE. And still willing to turn an honest penny; no matter how it is obtained, eh! (*pours out another drink*) Well here's——!

(*Enter* GEORGE MORRIS D., *in main office and hears voices in next room—about to hang up hat, and listens.*)

That the next paper of diamonds I swipe for you will be worth double the last one. Oh, but that was a lucky haul—now——

BLAKE. Enough of this, I say——

DUNNE (*drinks*). I'm sorry, there's not enough of this, I say!

GEORGE. But this is enough for me. (*exit* D. *in main office*)

BLAKE (*going to* D., *between office, and looks out into main office*). Come now, what's the news?

DUNNE. You know there was a terrible racket over that last package of diamonds that was missed out of the custom-house.

BLAKE. Yes—But no one suspects——

DUNNE. But they do!

BLAKE. Whom?

DUNNE. Me! of course; no one would suspect such a fine gentleman as you. How could they!

BLAKE. Of course not—well—tell me how you know—they suspect you.

DUNNE. I've been in the sweat box, as the officers call it—but I swore till I was black in the face that I knew nothing—Don't I look a little on the brunette order?—and as they had no proofs against me, I was allowed to depart in peace.

BLAKE. Good—we are then safe, but double your caution for the next haul. By the way, don't write me any more on these matters, as letters are dangerous and I am afraid I've lost the last one you wrote to me.

DUNNE. I do hope you haven't, for there's enough in it to send us both to the pen for a thousand years. Can you trust your ink-slingers?

BLAKE. No, one of them, Toole, is a thick-headed Irishman, but he's dangerous on account of his honesty; the other one, Morris, is too shrewd and he is therefore more dangerous.

DUNNE. Then take him in the deal with us.

BLAKE. I offered him a partnership but he declined in such a way that I imagine he suspects something is wrong in the business.

DUNNE. Then take my advice and bounce him!

BLAKE (*laughingly*). Oh, trust me for that—we are both suitors for the hand of the same——

DUNNE. Charming young lady. (*laugh*)

BLAKE. Exactly!—At one blow I intend ridding myself of my dangerous enemy and my rival by——

DUNNE (*drawing his finger over his throat*).

BLAKE. No, I might have resorted to such desperate means in Mexico, but here in New York, I have a more genteel way of transacting such business.

DUNNE. Hire some one to do it for you—me, for instance—Well, you know me.

BLAKE. A much better way: I intend to send him to jail.

DUNNE. Where you should be if you got your dues.

BLAKE Yes—but we don't always get our dues! And thus ruin his character and good name.

DUNNE. Well I must say that's exceedingly generous of you. (*laughingly*)

BLAKE (*low tone*). Someone is coming—quick—get out—(*pushes* DUNNE *out of* D. *in private office*)

(*Enter* LARRY TOOLE, D., *in main office, hângs up his hat on hook, smoking stogy.*)

BLAKE (*coming into main office*). Late this morning, Larry!

TOOLE (*wiping his face from perspiration*). Yis, sor. You see, sor, I wint away from the office very early yesterday afternoon, sor, and I came late this mornin' so as to make up the difference; do you mind, sor! (*going to desk back and facing audience*)

BLAKE. Oh! I see, Larry—(*going to his desk down in front*) it's quite clear, but it is a peculiar course of reasoning. (*looking straight at him*)

LARRY. Of course it is! It's a peculiar case, (*very excited*) and besides I met with an accident. (*putting lighted end of cigar in his mouth, then spitting out and jumping around*)

BLAKE. So I see.

LARRY. And I therefore couldn't get here any later (*aside*) Oh! This stogie, 'twill be the death of me—(*hides it in his hands*)

BLAKE. I'm very sorry.

LARRY. So am I sor! (*about to go to seat and watching* BLAKE)

BLAKE (*aside*). I must conceive some means of enlisting this honest fellow's sympathies against Morris. (*walks up to him deliberately*)

LARRY (*drops his stogie on the floor and tries to hide it with his foot, while it smokes furiously*). Oh! that piece of rope! My, oh my! How it smells! I'll be fired—I wish I——

BLAKE. Larry, I am forced to the belief that there is a thief in this office.

LARRY. Holy smoke! (*looking at stogie*) Where is he? (*running about office looking for supposed thief*)

BLAKE. Stop! One moment, Larry, (*taking hold of* LARRY) You don't appear to catch my idea!

LARRY. No, I want to catch the thief, sor!

BLAKE. That's just precisely what I want you to help me accomplish.

LARRY. But it seems you don't want me to find him (*tries to get away*)—(*aside*) I want to get that stogie.

BLAKE. One moment, Larry, and I will attempt to make myself clear to you. Listen!

LARRY. I listen. (*looking at stogie smoking: bus.*)

BLAKE. I mean to say, Larry, that I have in my employment in this office a thief!

LARRY (*jumps*). By the shade of St. Patrick—I hope you don't mean me, sor!

BLAKE. I am pleased to tell you that I do not.

LARRY. I breathe once more! (*looking at stogie*) —(*aside*) I wish that Havana would stop breathing. Phew! how it smells!

BLAKE. Within the past month I have missed several diamonds from the safe.

LARRY. How can that be when they are kept in the little safe on the inside and no one has the key to it but yourself —and a Yale lock at that?

BLAKE. To convince you of my confidence in your honesty and sound judgment—I will raise your salary $10 a month.

LARRY. You take my breath away—(*aside*) that stogie will take his breath away, if he gets a whiff of it.

BLAKE. Now whom do you suspect is the thief?

LARRY. I suspect no one, sor—not even meself!

BLAKE. Not even—for instance—Mr. Morris?

LARRY. No, sor! not even for wan instant! George Morris—a thief!—a—why—he is the best friend I have on earth—and a nobler, truer heart niver bate in the human breast.

BLAKE. Well, I am pleased to know you admire Mr. Morris so profoundly and I will therefore ask you not to mention a word to him concerning what I have just narrated. (*going towards* D. *in main office, takes hat from hook and puts it on*)

LARRY (*picks up stogie*). Not a word!—on the word of a Toole which was never broken—when it was easier to keep it——

BLAKE. I will step around to the Police Station and see what the detective department has done in ferreting out who the thief can be and in the meantime, Larry, let this grasp of my hand (LARRY *extends hand.* BLAKE *takes hold of it and draws his away quickly: the stogie is supposed to burn it*) My, what's that?

LARRY (*changing cigar to other hand*). My hand is very hot, sor! The excitement of the disclosure you made has made me very feverish!

BLAKE. As I was about to say, let this grasp of my hand evince my most perfect confidence in your man-

hood, honesty and integrity. (*exit at* D. *in main office back*)

LARRY. "Let me evince my most perfect confidence in your manhood, honesty and integrity"—now if he had said that without the correlative adjunct, as we say at College, that is: the ten per month extra, it wouldn't have carried much weight, but as it carries two pounds—as we would say in Ireland—every month for a year, making twinty-four pounds, all told—it's therefore a very weighty remark: for it carries with it much conviction and disarves my most favorable consideration—which I will now proceed to consider—(*sits on stool at desk, taking up pen and writing*) Now let me see; tin times twelve are twelve times tin (*dips pen in ink*) and vice versa, making in all wan (*dips pen in ink again and upsets inkstand, takes handkerchief and wipes up ink, puts it back again in his pocket*)—hoondred and twinty dollars for the year—(*takes handkerchief and wipes his nose, getting ink all over it, pretending all the time to be very much absorbed in his figuring*) Now those hundred and sixty dollars, me present magnificent salary per annoom, plus wan hundred and twinty makes the grand and munificent total of four hundred and eighty dollars —(*puts down pen, his elbows on the desk with his face between his hands and looks at audience*)—Is there so much money in the world—I wonder!—(*thinks—gets down from stool*—C. *back*) No longer will I wear this toggery which bespeaks me humble plane in society—no longer will I wear these celularloyd appendages—(*tears off collar, takes match, lights it and holds it up while burning*) Thus do I cast all evidence of me poverty to the four winds of heaven! Hereafter will I bedeck myself with purple and fine linen (*dives in desk and brings out collar and shirt newly laundried*)—and now to arrange me twilight in a manner becoming a gentleman of culture, wealth and refinement (*takes off coat,*

showing red undershirt and paper shirt-front—looks out of window) Great heavens—some one is coming! (*grabs up collar, shirt and coat and rushes off* L. 2 E.)

(*Enter* RASTUS D., *back in main office with pail, mop, sponge and large rag—looks around.*)

RASTUS (*negro dialect*). Hullo! nobody hyer, mighty strange seems to me!—leavin' all dem dimons to take care of themselves—why some of des fine mornin's some one will cum in hyer and carry off dat safte—dimons and all (*sets down pail and things except mop—goes up to door and looks into private office*). Well, I do declar—I was goin' to wash dat window—guess I better not do it now fo' fear some one might see into dis yer place and findin' no one in will jess naturally sneak in and carry off dat safte!

(*Enter* LARRY D. L. 2 E.; *clean collar and shirt, different coat, looking very neat with his nose still covered with ink.*)

RASTUS (*sees him, not recognizing him: aside and frightened; bus.*). Fo' de Lor's sake a bugler wid a mask on too; what'll I do?—(LARRY *goes down toward safe, pretending not to see* RASTUS) He's goin' to steal dat safte—(*rushes down quickly at charge bayonets*) Hyer! you hans off, I say; hans off or I'll choke yer te deth wid dis yer mop!

LARRY (*much astonished*). What in the wurruld is the matter with you, you crazy nigger! (*drawing back*)

RASTUS. Oh! it's Massa Larry! (*laughs heartily, doubling himself up*) I thought fo' shure! you was a shure enuff bugler—pon my soul I did—(*laughs again*).

LARRY. Didn't you ever see an Irish gintleman before?

RASTUS (*laughing*). No! not like you, Massa Larry!

LARRY. Av coorse yer didn't—there's very few loike me!

RASTUS. I never saw but one orter—he was in a circus! (*laughing*)

LARRY. What do you mean? (*going towards him*)

RASTUS (*taking hold of* LARRY'S *arm, both at* C. *facing audience*). Did you ever see a tattooed man?

LARRY. Faith, I did not—but I have heard of them!

RASTUS. Would yer like to see one? (*looking intently at each other*)

LARRY. Faith, I wud——

RASTUS. Come with me—(*they turn face about, walk grotesquely up to mirror at back*) Look in there and you'll see one. (*pointing to mirror*)

LARRY. Oh! be the powers! ink! indelible! (*bus.*) Evidence of me occupation indelibly written upon me features; I have heard of such things before! How will I ever be able to efface this from this er face. (*bus.*)

RASTUS (*laughing heartily*). Dat's a mighty serious mattah, Massa Larry.

LARRY. Serious—it's lamentable! (*bus.*) How can I ever get it off? (*bus.*) (*walking down to desk in front and throwing himself into chair in despair*)

RASTUS (*gazing at* LARRY, *looks around at pail, suddenly rushes down to* C.). I've got it, Massa Larry; I've solved de difficult problem!

LARRY (*rising quickly*). What do you mane?

RASTUS. Dat I am now prepared fo' to erase de obliteration on your physermerhogony dis very ink-stand!

LARRY (*looking at him inquiringly, shakes his head*). Too deep for me! (*sits again in despair*)

RASTUS. Why, what's de mattah wid you, Massa Larry? I said I would take dat ink off on yer nose in about two minutes!

LARRY. You will! (*jumping up*)

RASTUS. Dat's what I will—come here—(*takes*

hold of him and takes him to C.)—stand dar and doan yer move. (*goes up, gets pail and brings it down*)

LARRY. I was never more subdued in my life.

RASTUS (*sets down pail, takes out soap*). And here yer are!

LARRY. What's that—soap?

RASTUS. No! Soapolio!

LARRY. Will that take it off?

RASTUS. It takes paint off on boards and I reckon it oughter take ink off on yer nose.

LARRY. Well, we'll try it, desperate diseases demand desperate remedies. Let her go Gallagher!

RASTUS. All right, den you jest sit in dis yer cheer!—(*sets* LARRY *in office chair which he brings near* C.) now put yer head back—so—(*puts* LARRY'S *head on back of chair, tips chin back*) now you jest wait one minute and I will show you how I kin do de kalsminin'—(*gets pail, sponge, mop and his rag: the pail must have a strong lather of soap-suds in it*)

LARRY. I fondly hope this operation will be successful.

(RASTUS *brings down articles mentioned, throws rag over* LARRY'S *breast and tucks end between his collar and throat.*)

LARRY. Here! Here! Don't choke me!

RASTUS. Never mind—I won't hurt you—Dat's de way—dis reminds me of my old perfession——

LARRY. Were you ever a barber?

RASTUS. No, sir! a tonsorial artist! (*singing* "Now close yer eyes (*putting hand over his eyes*) and cover up yer head, de bogy-man (*goes to pail, takes sponge, souses it in pail, getting it all over suds*) will catch yer if yer cry" (*humming air of song*) "Go to sleep, etc., (*putting hand over* LARRY'S *face like a barber before shaving.*) Now how will you you have it, with or without——

LARRY. With or without what?

RASTUS. Chloroform!

LARRY. Without, to be certain.

RASTUS. All right, here she goes—(*rubs sponge all over his head and face, while* LARRY *sits up in chair, struggles, spits and tries to talk;* RASTUS *shoves him back in chair*). Hold on! hold on!

LARRY. I am holdin' on—ain't I——

RASTUS. Now just be quiet for fo' minutes and de operation will be completed. (*takes sponge and wipes* LARRY's *face, leaving it clean, the ink removed*) and dar you are! Now what will you have, Floridy water, Pond's extract or bay-rum.

LARRY (*getting up and taking off rag*). Rum of some kind, get over to Flaherty's for tin cents—the Dutchman on the corner charges fifteen. It is all off?

RASTUS. It is all off—come—(*takes* LARRY *by the arm to mirror as before*). Behold! Look upon dis picter and think of de other. (*they turn around and face audience*)

LARRY. If ink upon your nose you throw.

RASTUS. Remove it with soapolio.—(*goes down and brings his things to desk* L. *at back*)—Well, I guess I'll wash dis yer window— it needs it, the Lord only knows—Oh, Massa Larry, I almost done forgot—here's a letter I picked up dis mornin' on de flo' here in the office, it may be important, so I thought I'd keep it safte till I got a chance to hand it to some one in hyer. (*hands letter to* LARRY *and proceeds to wash window singing*) "Go to sleep etc.—(LARRY *reads letter, keeping time to* RASTUS' *song*) "Close yer eyes—will catch yer—" (*keeps on humming air through* LARRY's *speech*)

LARRY. By the jumping jumuny Moses! (*looks at* RASTUS, *then coming down; intensely*) What's this—the last package of diamonds was stolen—(*looks at letter again*) and sent to Mr. Blake who is in on the game—one hundred and twenty-five carats, valued at $25,000.—Why this a "fence" and we're all liable to be pinched. (*putting letter back into envelope*

and anxiously looking round) I'll get rid of this infernal thing and this job here pretty quickly—I'll just put it in this drawer with the other papers; luckily it is open and so no one will ever suspect that I have read it——

RASTUS. Well now dat I've finished, I'll just have ter quit yer, Massa Larry, and I'll say good-bye ter you now, fo' I doan' tink I shall eber see yer again.

LARRY. Why (*going up to him*) are you going to lave us, you're not?

RASTUS. Yes, I be; I've been done and hired out with Massa John Firman who is goin' to Cuba to his plantation and we will stay dar a long time, he tells me.

LARRY. To Cuba! Why you'll be a dead nigger in twenty-four hours after you get there!

RASTUS (*frightened*). Why, how yer talk, man! —what do yer mean?

LARRY. There's a revolutionary war down there—and they kill niggers on sight.

RASTUS. Oh! My! You doan' tell me—guess I won't go— safter to stay here—doan' yer think so?

LARRY (*thinks*). Ah! An idea—(*aside*) I won't stay in this place any longer—perhaps I may be able to get a job with Mr. Firman myself—he is going to be George's father-in-law very soon and I know he will fix it for me. (*aloud*) Not if I should go with you to protect you!

RASTUS (*delighted*). Oh, Massa Larry will you go too? Den I'll go shure enough,—fo' you're so smart all de Cubans and Spaniards in de world couldn't catch me den.

LARRY. No, I'll warrant yer they won't—all yer have to do is just let them know in a gentle but emphatic way that you are an American citizen and they'll not only lave you alone—but they'll pretend to respect you if they really don't in their hearts, and it amounts to the same thing in the end.

RASTUS. I do wish you can fix it up with Massa

Firman; den I'll go shure enough—good-bye (*exit* D. *at back main office*)

LARRY. Well there's a light already breaking through the dark clouds. (*goes to desk* L., *takes up pen and proceeds to write in book*).

(*Enter* GEORGE MORRIS D. *at back main office.*)

GEORGE. Good morning, Larry (*hangs up hat*) hard at work as usual I see!

LARRY. Strict attention to business is my chief characteristic as you must be aware by this time.

GEORGE (*going down to* R. *near desk*). Yes, I've observed it quite frequently.

LARRY (*looking at him, getting off stool and going down towards him and looking furtively at door back*). What's the matter, George? You don't look like yourself at all—you seem worried, is anything the matter with you? Come now, if you are in trouble confide in me—I'm your friend—and I'll do anything in the world to help you.

GEORGE. Yes, that's true, Larry (*taking his hand*). You're a good kind-hearted chap and I will tell you what troubles me as it will relieve my feelings and you may be able to help me——

LARRY. Count on me, George, to the death!

GEORGE. Thank you, old man, but I'm afraid no one can help me (*bus.*)

LARRY. Well tell me all and then we can better decide the question! (GEORGE *looking around*) There's no one here; Mr. Blake has gone down to the police station to get a detective to try and discover, who the thief in this office is.

GEORGE. Then I am afraid it's too late (*bus.*)—

LARRY. Why, what do you mean?

GEORGE. Listen!—You know Miss Firman?

LARRY. The daughter of Mr. Firman, the wealthiest and best customer the boss has—Oh, don't I?

GEORGE. Well you never knew I loved her, did you?

LARRY. Never knew it! I never knew it!(*bus.*) Well as you happen to receive an eight page four-times-crossed-over letter every day, signed Alice; and as you are continually singing, "Alice, where art thou"—christen the office cat "Alice" which is unquestionably a "Thomas William Henry Jeremiah" —reading every minute you get a chance the novel entitled "Alice in Wonderland"—buy loaf sugar for the expressman's horse, because its name is Alice— Well I should think I did know that you were head over heels, ears and boots in love with Miss Alice Firman and you should therefore be happy; for I know she is dangerously afflicted with the same disease.

GEORGE. I am happy in the knowledge that my affection is reciprocated by her, but I have a dangerous rival.

LARRY. Who can it be?

GEORGE. Blake.

LARRY. Ah! Ha! I begin to smell a rat!

GEORGE. A few days since he proposed to her and, of course, he was rejected.

LARRY (*delighted*). Bully for her—I'm afraid I'll fall in love with her myself! What did he say?

GEORGE. He hinted strongly to her that I was dishonest and that he would blast my character.

LARRY. Blast him! if he tries it; have no fear!

GEORGE. On the other hand, I do fear him greatly. No villainy is too deep for him to descend to. While he pretends to be a respectable member of society, I know him to be an unscrupulous scoundrel and he will hesitate at nothing to accomplish my ruin.

LARRY. Ha! Ha! Ha! your on to him as well as I—well!

GEORGE. For some time my suspicions have been awaken to the fact that there is something crooked in his diamond transactions.

LARRY. In what way?

GEORGE. The bills accompanying the packages

contain the name of a firm which has no existence in the diamond business.

LARRY. How do you know?

GEORGE. I have made inquiries through Bradstreets and they report no such firm in existence! Some one has informed Blake concerning that inquiry and he became suspicious—he offered me a partnership in the business and I refused.

LARRY. Why don't you inform the police about him?

GEORGE. Because I have no convincing proof of his rascality—and this morning I overheard a few words of conversation between him and another man which confirmed my suspicions.

LARRY (*aside*). That letter is all he wants—I'll tell him. (*bus.*) (*knock at door in main office*) Come in!

(*Enter* GERALD FIRMAN D. *back main office*)

GEORGE (*goes to meet* GERALD). Good morning, Gerald! (*they shake hands*) What brings you here —no bad news of—er (*excited: bus.*)

GERALD (*laughing*). Alice, my sister! Oh! No! but good news, I hope, at least I trust you will accept it in that spirit.

GEORGE. What is it?

LARRY. Here's my chance to go over to Flaherty and get that drink—I'm a trifle nervous—it will brace me up. (*takes hat, exit* D. *back main office*)

GERALD. You know the revolution in Cuba has become a very serious matter and the people of this country are clamoring for our government to interfere in favor of the rebels; the situation is therefore very delicate between Spain and the United States.

GEORGE. Yes—so I conclude from what I read in the papers.

GERALD. Father, I presume you know, owns a very large sugar plantation in Cuba and on that account I

presume the President has appointed him consul there. And we all leave for Cuba next month.

GEORGE (*in despair*). And I may not see Alice again—You call this good news, Gerald?—Ah, I see it all now—Your father not approving of my engagement to your sister has determined to separate us.

GERALD. There, you are mistaken!

GEORGE. What do you mean? (*bus.*)

GERALD. He approves of his daughter's choice in you and said he admired you for your many manly qualities.

GEORGE. But why take her away?

GERALD. One moment, not so hasty, please! On account of his duties as Consul, father has concluded that he will be unable to attend to the affairs of his plantation; and if you will accept, he offers you the position of his manager.

GEORGE. You overwhelm me with joy!

GERALD. I expect him here every moment now, when he will talk the matter over with you and Mr. Blake.

(*Enter* BLAKE *unobserved* D. *in private office.*)

BLAKE. My name—what does this mean—her brother here!

GERALD. You will accept, I hope, and go with us?

GEORGE. Can you doubt it! and let me thank you most heartily and sincerely. (*shake hands*)

BLAKE. What does this mean—I must discover by talking to young Firman alone—but how get Morris out of the way—ah! I have it—(*coming down*) Good morning, Mr. Firman!

GERALD. Good morning, Mr. Blake!

BLAKE. Ah! Mr. Morris, will you kindly run down to the post-office and get my mail, I forgot it this morning in my haste, here is the key. (*hands him the key*)

GEORGE. Yes, sir! (*going to door back, takes*

hat) Good morning, Gerald! (*looks back inquiringly and suspiciously, bus.; exit* D. *back*)

BLAKE. Mr. Firman, I desire to say a few words in explanation of what I said concerning Mr. Morris to your sister the other day, no doubt she has told you! (*offering him chair*)

GERALD. She has, sir! (*sitting*)

BLAKE. You are also aware that I offered my hand to your sister.

GERALD. And were promptly rejected!

BLAKE. Mr. Firman, I cannot and will not take "no," for an answer!

GERALD (*rising*). Mr. Blake, the heart and hand of my sister is her own property and she possesses the natural, legal and absolute right to give or refuse them to whom she pleases' and being an honorable girl she could not give them to you when they are promised to another.

BLAKE. Then she is engaged? (*rising*)

GERALD. She is—and to one of the noblest fellows on earth.

BLAKE (*excitedly*). To whom?

GERALD. George Morris—your chief clerk—(*going*)

BLAKE. If there is anything that can add bitterness to the rejection of my suit, it is the knowledge that your sister has given her hand to one who is totally unworthy of her, unworthy even of her acquaintance, let alone——

GERALD (*stopping*). What do you mean, sir?

(*Enter* LARRY D. *at back, very quietly, listens, assuming a position to be ready to appear as though he just entered should* BLAKE *see him.*)

BLAKE. I mean, sir, that George Morris, the young man whom you consider the soul of honor, is a common thief!

GERALD (*about to strike him but refrains: bus.*)

Be careful, sir! how you traduce the character of the man who is about to become my brother.

BLAKE. I repeat it, sir: he is a thief!

GERALD. You lie! (*excited and nervous*) I do not know what foul plot your villainy has invented to ruin the character and good name of my friend George Morris—but the one thing I do know: that it will fail—for I will at once inform him of this terrible accusation, so that he may be on his guard and thus be able to protect himself (*going to* D.).

LARRY. I'll find George and tell him about the letter, so that he can get it as soon as he comes in (*exit quickly*).

BLAKE. Go, then and tell him what I have related to you; YOU will then discover who trembles —for the very moment you inform him—that moment will I cause his arrest and he is at once disgraced.

GERALD. If you cause his arrest, I have no fear but that he will vindicate his honor and prove his entire innocence! You have invented some fiendish plot to ruin him, because he is my sister's affianced husband, but let me inform you, Mr. Willard Blake, if he were sunk so low as your perfidy and villainy would have him, she would still honor, love and respect him and so would I! (*going towards* D. *in back;* BLAKE *facing audience and is much confused and agitated*)

(*Enter* LARRY D. *at back, going down and slaps* BLAKE *on the back.*)

LARRY. Well, George, old boy, how d'ye feel, that last—(BLAKE *turns around*) Oh! Holy Moses! I'm in for it now up to my neck. I'll go out and get another, that will give me courage to face him. (*exit* D. *back*)

(GERALD *looking hard at* BLAKE *exit same door.*)

BLAKE. I'm afraid I have gone a little too far so

early in the game; now let me see (*sitting at desk in front*) if Morris is not informed of what has just transpired here, I will have him execute my little plot against him; his honesty will greatly aid me and at the same time hasten his own ruin: well, the devil generally takes care of his own, they say, and I'll have to depend very largely on his aid this time, (*looks at watch*) It's time he was here—what can be detaining him—has Gerald met him, if so—I'm sure I will fail (*looks at watch again*) how nervous I am getting!

(*Enter* MORRIS D. *at back* M. O.)

Here he is; what a debt of gratitude I owe Satan!

GEORGE (*coming down and handing him letters*). Here's the mail!

BLAKE. Thank you. (*takes letters*) Did you meet young Mr. Firman?

GEORGE. No, sir! (*bus.* MR. BLAKE *pleased*) and now can I have a few minutes conversation with you?

BLAKE. With pleasure, but as I have some very important business to attend to, you would do me a great favor by postponing it until this afternoon and in the meantime, if you will attend to a little business matter for me, I will be greatly obliged to you.

GEORGE. Very well, sir! Let it be three o'clock, will that hour be convenient for you?

BLAKE. Yes, that will do. (*looking at watch*) ten o'clock (*going to safe, takes out money and an envelope; aside*) At three o'clock you will be in a cell at the police station (*coming down to desk*) Now, Mr. Morris, if you will kindly go to the New York Central ticket office on Broadway and get a ticket for Montreal, also a lower berth, you will oblige me—(*hands him money*) there is the money.

GEORGE. For yourself, sir?

BLAKE. No, for a friend of mine: James Walker of Stamford, Connecticut. I expect him here this afternoon—you may sign the ticket for Mr. Walker—

as it is a first-class ticket, it makes *no* difference, you know.

GEORGE. Very well, sir—(*going*)

BLAKE. Ah! one moment, Mr. Morris, when you return, I want you to take this paper of diamonds—there are ten stones in it—to Mr. Watson, Twenty-six Wall Street, and allow him to select one—as he has no time to call around here himself—I promised to send him a few, from which he might make a selection.

GEORGE. Why not permit me to take them now?

BLAKE. I do not want you to carry them around with you any longer than is absolutely necessary. I have put them in this drawer (*showing him package*) and will give you the key (*takes key off ring and gives it to him*) so that if I should not be here when you return, you may get them.

GEORGE. But isn't it just as dangerous to leave them in the desk as it would be for me to carry them on my person?

BLAKE. No, I will wait here until Larry returns and he will remain here until you come back again.

GEORGE. All right, Mr. Blake (*going*).

BLAKE. Oh! by the way, Mr. Morris, I have withdrawn all pretensions to Miss Firman's hand and instructed her brother this morning to inform her of my resolution—and I wish you all the joy in the world.

GEORGE. I thank you very much—then at three o'clock, Mr. Blake (*going*).

BLAKE. At three o'clock, Mr. Morris—(GEORGE *exit* D. *at back in* M. O.)

BLAKE. At three o'clock you will hold an interview with the jailer, if anyone, for it will not be me—my scheme will work—thus far it has succeeded beyond my fondest expectations. Oh! experience—you are the greatest teacher after all—no matter whether it be good or evil, it can be used to one's advantage—and now, Mr. Morris, you shall never wed the beautiful and accomplished Miss Firman.

(*Enter* LARRY D. *back.*)

Ah! Larry, back so soon—I notice you have been very attentive to business to-day.

LARRY (*hanging up hat and sits on stool behind desk* L.). Yis, sor! strict attention to business is one of me great failings. (*takes up pen and appears to be busily writing*)

BLAKE. Did you meet Mr. Morris?

LARRY. No, sir! But I met Mr. Firman and his son Mr. Gerald and they'll be here in a few minutes.

BLAKE. Good, everything works into my hands like a charm—Larry, go out by the private door and bring a police officer in that way.

LARRY. Yes, sir! (*gets hat; aside:*) a police officer—a copper—a fly mug—oh! me! oh my! what does this all mean! (*exit*)

BLAKE. The game is a desperate one—and I shall win—(*rising*)—Alice Firman and her fortune will procure for me both social and political success—and now, George Morris, you are a ruined man!—for the prison doors are now open to you—in a few moments they will close upon you and you will be lost forever—

(*Enter* JOHN FIRMAN *and* GERALD D. *back* M. O.)

BLAKE. Good morning, Mr. Firman—We have met before, Mr. Gerald.

FIRMAN. What is the meaning of these terrible accusations you make against Mr. Morris? (*lower key of voice*)

BLAKE. Their meaning is simple, for they are true (*enter* LARRY *with policeman* D. *in private office*) Oh! here is the officer—Mr. Toole, have the kindness to look out of the window and inform me when you see Mr. Morris approaching. (*officer and* LARRY *appear at door of private office*—LARRY *enters main*)

LARRY. I'm sorry that nigger washed this window!

FIRMAN. You must be aware, Mr. Blake, that if these accusations be not true, that Mr. Morris has a legal remedy for heavy damages.

BLAKE. I do not fear that part of it, as I can very soon convince you of their absolute truth. For some time past I have suffered a number of robberies of diamonds; at first I suspected this clerk——

LARRY. Oh! murder, suicide and sudden death!

BLAKE. But I was very soon convinced of his innocence.

LARRY. I breathe again!

BLAKE. And careful watching proved the guilt of George Morris.

LARRY. Oh! No, I don't breathe again!

FIRMAN. Mr. Blake, you astonish me beyond expression. Mr. Morris is a young man in whom I had implicit confidence and in whom I reposed unbounded faith, so much so, that I was about to offer him a position of great trust and responsibility on my plantation in Cuba where I am about to go very shortly, and I have already consented to his marriage with my daughter.

BLAKE. In that case I presume you prefer that I should hush the matter up.

GERALD. No, a thousand times no!—let these base charges be sifted to the very bottom.

(*Enter messenger boy with letter* D. *back* M. O.)

BLAKE (*takes letter*). From whom do you come?

MESS. The ticket agent of the N. Y. Central Rail-

MESS. Letter for Mr. Blake.

BLAKE. Good! You may go and thank the road.

gentleman for his promptness and courtesy, (*exit* MESS. D. *back* M. O.) and now I repeat, George Morris is a thief.

GERALD. And I repeat it is false, Willard Blake!

FIRMAN. Be quiet, Gerald; reason not passion best serves a friend.

BLAKE. Morris is about to steal some diamonds he saw me put in that drawer, for I saw him closely watching me when I placed them there. Now this letter informs me that he has purchased a ticket and berth on the N. Y. Central train that leaves this evening for Canada at 11 : 40 and it is my firm belief that he intends to steal those diamonds and abscond to Canada.

FIRMAN. Suspicion is no evidence of guilt.

BLAKE. That I will admit.

FIRMAN. Has he bought the ticket in his own name?

BLAKE. No, but under the convenient name of Walker.

FIRMAN. How do you know it was Mr. Morris who bought the ticket you mention?

BLAKE. I have had detectives on his track for the past two weeks and they immediately inform me of his every action.

LARRY (*aside*). Illustrious Cæsar! He's had one on my track, too, I suppose; he knows every drink I've had at Flaherty's! (*aloud*) Mr. Morris has just turned the corner, sir! (*aside*) I'll give him the tip. (*going to door*)

BLAKE. You will remain where you are, Mr. Toole.

LARRY. With the most agonizing pleasure!

BLAKE. Now we'll soon see; let us retire and watch his movements. If he takes the diamonds from the drawer his guilt is proven; if he does not, then I have misjudged him and will make every reparation that is possible to be made by an honest man.

GERALD. I will not consent to this arrangement!

LARRY. Nor will I!

GERALD. It is some foul plot!

LARRY. It is!

BLAKE. Should they refuse, I am lost!

FIRMAN. What objection can you have to the

arrangement. If our friend is innocent, there can be nothing to fear!

BLAKE. Certainly Mr. Firman is right—let his innocence be his shield and protection—quick, then, quick!.

GERALD. I'm afraid we are aiding in his ruin!

BLAKE. Quick! Quick in here! (FIRMAN, GERALD *and* LARRY *exit in* D. L. E. BLAKE *and officer into* D. *to private office*)

(*Enter* GEORGE D. *back in* M. O.)

GEORGE. Hello! (*hangs up hat*) No one here, why, where is Larry—taking a nap, I'll warrant, poor fellow, he's all worked up to-day; that letter has made him so nervous that he has been over to see his friend Flaherty about twenty times (*laughs; goes to* D. L., *opens it slightly, calling:*) Larry! Larry! I say, (*closes door again*) no, not there! (*crosses over to* D. *leading into private office*) (*tries door*) it's locked! Blake must be out also—strange! leaving those diamonds unprotected in this manner (*going down to desk and sits;* BLAKE *and officer looking out of door;* FIRMAN *and* GERALD *the same*) This appears to be very mysterious business I am employed upon and how strangely the ticket agent looked at me, when I bought that ticket— (*unlocks drawer*) Ah! Here are the diamonds (*taking them up and laying them down again*) Ah! Here's the letter Larry told me about; the very thing I need to protect myself against Blake, for he is a dangerous man; now shall I execute his order or read the letter? (GEORGE *takes packet out of drawer and puts it in his coat pocket rises, buttons up his coat, closes drawer, as he does so officer comes down* C.)

OFFICER. You are my prisoner!

GEORGE. Prisoner! On what charge, pray?

OFFICER (L. *a little up*). Grand larceny in the first degree.

GEORGE. Why, what does this mean?

BLAKE (*coming down* R. C.). It means, ungrateful young man, that you are caught at last! (*goes to* D. L., *throws it open, enter* FIRMAN, GERALD *and* LARRY) Now, Mr. Gerald, will you believe the accusation?

GEORGE. Oh! I see it all now; oh! you villain! you unscrupulous scoundrel!—With all the overwhelming proof, Mr. Firman—Gerald—do you believe me guilty?—(*bus. weeps*)

GERALD. No, George! I do not believe you guilty.

LARRY. Nor do I now, George Morris! and I never will!

GERALD. George, you and I have been bosom friends since boyhood and no one knows you in this whole world better than I and if the proofs were a thousand times stronger than they now appear to be, I would still honor and respect you! and I would believe you innocent! (*takes him by the hand*)

LARRY. And so will I!

BLAKE. We will soon put an end to these heroics! That is my private drawer, and no one has any right to open it except myself. Come now, sir! how did you get possession of that key?

GEORGE. You well know that you gave it to me yourself and instructed me to take the diamonds from the drawer and bring them to Mr. Watson in Wall Street.

BLAKE. A pretty story indeed! Now, first, there is but one key to that drawer—here it is—(*showing key on ring*) the one you have is a duplicate, obtained by you I know not in what manner!—Second: I know no such person as Mr. Watson of Wall Street, and thirdly: you have purchased a ticket for Canada on the N. Y. Central train, which leaves to-night at 11:40 under the name of Walker, and fourthly: where are your witnesses to prove that what I say is not true.

GEORGE. You, Willard Blake, shall be my witness

and the only one I shall require.—Now, sir, what is your base accusation?

BLAKE. Is it not plain to every honest man that you intended to steal those diamonds and abscond with them to Canada; which diamonds you now have in your possession, for we all saw you take them——

GEORGE. You lie! base villain that you are! The plot was cleverly laid, Willard Blake, but it has failed; the packet I took from that drawer was not the diamonds, but this letter from Jerre Dunne, which contains proof enough to send you to prison, for twenty years.

(*Holds up letter,* GERALD *grasps him by both hands;* LARRY *dances* R. H. *corner;* BLAKE *falls into chair by desk as officer places his hand on his shoulders in obedience to a gesture from Firman.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE: *Rural—Drop showing fort and tower of Moro Castle in distance—water at foot of fort—which is slightly elevated—set trees at* R. *and* L. *—Showing as much semi-tropical scenery as stock will permit. Seat under tree* L.*—Music at rise.* LARRY *and* RASTUS *coming on* R. U. E. LARRY *is dressed in white linen suit, large East Indian helmet, which works backwards and forwards;* RASTUS *in blue overalls, light thin shirt and a very broad-brimmed straw hat with string tied around it.* LARRY *is seated and is fanning himself with large palm leaf fan, while* RASTUS *is holding a large parasol over his head —*LARRY *has fieldglass slung over his shoulders and is smoking a very long cigar and looks supremely happy.*

RASTUS. And now Massa Larry, as our celebrated Congressman from my very important state—Go'gie —once said—where are we at?

LARRY. I presume you are aware that we are still on Mr. Firman's sugar plantation——

RASTUS. No, I'm not—my, he must be an awful rich man to own so much land—I'm all turned round——

LARRY. Why we're home again—there's Mr. Morris's house!

RASTUS. Why, so it is—I'm so glad—I thought we nebber would git home again——

LARRY. Well, you see, being the overseer I must attend to me business or I'll lose me job.

RASTUS. Yes, you always did attend very strictly to business—when you worked for Mr. Blake.

LARRY. And that was a lucky day for me, when I put that letter in his desk-drawer.

RASTUS. Luckier for you, when I found it!

LARRY (*looks at* RAS.—*thinks*). You're right, Rastus—and you're me friend—and now let us form a compact between the two nations that no enemy, can never break. (*takes* RAS. *right hand in his left, both face audience;* LARRY *puts right hand over* RAS. *right shoulder,* RAS. *same each puts his right foot across the left, putting toes on floor. Song.*)—Africa and Ireland—(*they keep this pose for a few seconds*)—And now you would like to know something of this neighborhood, I presume, Rastus?

RASTUS. Deed I would, Massa Larry.

LARRY (*takes field-glasses from case, looks through them towards* R., *hat falls over his eyes*—RASTUS *highly amused*)

RASTUS. What are you looking at, Massa Larry?

LARRY. Nothing!

RASTUS. Wat I thought!

LARRY (*looks again this time all right, appears to see something and is satisfied*). Ah, yes—there it is

—they haven't moved yet—there will be some fun around here pretty soon, I'll warrant.

RASTUS. Dat'll suit me—I'm always looking for fun!

LARRY. Well you'll have to excuse me—I don't want any of it—there's not much fun in it. (*looks towards* L. *back with glasses*)

RASTUS. Why what does yer mean—I'm kinder uneasy.

LARRY. Yes, there's the other; they'll not be sparring much longer I'll warrant.

RASTUS. What did you say?

LARRY. Look here! take the glasses!—Now look over to the left there!

RASTUS (*looks through wrong end*). Oh! my!

LARRY. Do you see anything?

RASTUS. Yes, but everything looks about four hundred miles away—I can't tell what it is.

LARRY (*laughing*). Well, no wonder; you're looking through the wrong end of the glasses.

RASTUS (*hands them to* LARRY). Well, you ought to know fo' certain which end to look through, an if I looked through as many glasses as you did——

LARRY (*laughing*). Over at Flaherty's! Ah, I wish I could see him now, he'd set 'em up!

RASTUS. I'd know too.

LARRY. Well, here look through this way—now try if you can see anything.

RASTUS. Oh, my, how near everything is and I do see lots of things, dat I couldn't see without dem—

LARRY. Well, do you see anything now?

RASTUS. Yes, a flag.

LARRY. Describe it!

RASTUS. It has red and white stripes wid a blue triangle at the end near the staff wid one white star in it—what flag is dat?

LARRY. The flag of Cuba and the holy cause of liberty. Long may it wave over this beautiful island,

which God intended should be the home of the free.

RASTUS. And what is it doin' over dar?

LARRY. That is the headquarters of Colonel Washington Ryan, a young Irish American who has joined the insurgents in their struggle for freedom—and may he succeed in his noble mission! and he has with him over there a battalion of Gomez' soldiers.

RASTUS. Oh, Lor'! (*about to run away,* LARRY *grabs him*)

LARRY. Come back—come back!—I'm not half through with the scene.

RASTUS. I doan' know whether I wants any more or not.

LARRY. Oh yes, you do! Now look over there! —Now what do you see? I want to show you where you are at!

RASTUS. Why, ah see another flag and it's a different one.

LARRY. Can you describe it to me?

RASTUS. Yes, it has yellow and red stripes.

LARRY. The Spanish flag; the first one that was planted on the shores of America, which land became the refuge and home of the downtrodden and oppressed of the whole world and I'm ashamed to see it flying there.

RASTUS. Why so! What is it doin' dar?

LARRY. There are stationed a detachment of Spanish soldiers under Major Bernoe. These two forces have been sparring with each other for some time past, I am told, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised, if they should get into a regular battle before very long.

RASTUS. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

LARRY. What's the matter?

RASTUS. I'm skeered to death!

LARRY. You look it! Are you not old enough to know how to protect yourself?

RASTUS. I'm afraid not—Are you?

LARRY. I'm old enough to try! and my experience

has taught me that only three little things are necessary to one's complete protection in this country.

RASTUS. Tell me what they be, Massa Larry, so I kin git 'em; fo' the Lord knows I need dem bad!

LARRY. They are very simple and easily obtained. Number one: For the protection of my health which of course is the basis of all happiness, this (*pulling out a flask of whiskey and takes a swig*).

RASTUS. Then give me some protection right now —I need it!

LARRY. Hold on! (*grabs bottle*) You appear to be a strong protectionist (*puts bottle in pocket*) Second: This (*points big revolver at* RASTUS *who hollers and runs*).

RASTUS. Don't, it might go off——

LARRY. For the protection of the lives and property of my friends and mine own (*puts it back*) Third: This (*pulls out a silk American flag*).

RASTUS. Oh, my, dat beats dem all (*takes hold of it fondly*).

LARRY. To protect the lives, honor and dignity of every American citizen in every land on God's green earth.

RASTUS. Bully for you, Massa Larry, you're the smartest Irishman I ever knew——

LARRY. Then your acquaintance with the sons of the Emerald Isle must be exceedingly limited! (*puts flag back in pocket*) That'll make the Spanish gentlemen wince if they ever come up against it, I'll warrant yer, and they'll find one stout Irish heart behind it to follow it no matter where it leads.

RASTUS. Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

LARRY. Now let us come down to business—you know my past weakness is strict attention to business.

RASTUS. Deed ah do!—wat honey—deed I do!

LARRY. We took on two new hands to work on the plantation the other day, and I don't like the looks of either of them.

RASTUS. How so?

LARRY. One of them reminds me so much of that scoundrel Blake—I'll bet my life, that that fellow's hair and beard are false and one of these very fine days, in the near future, I'm going to find out what the real color of that fellow's hair is.

RASTUS. Why, you doan't mean to say——

LARRY. I'm sayin' nothing just now, but I'm keepin' up the devil of a thinkin', I can tell you.

RASTUS. You frighten me——

LARRY. You've nothing to fear. (*shots heard off* R. *to rear*)

RASTUS (*frightened, grabs* LARRY). Oh! Haven't I—save me! Save me!

LARRY. (*throws him off*) Oh, brace up! (*runs back and looks through glass, hat works as before*) A skirmish between a small number of both forces, probably the picket line—that's nothing serious (*coming down* C., RASTUS *very frightened, looking at watch*) It's about time for you to ring the bell to call the hands up for dinner. So I'll just run over to the house for orders and will be back in a few minutes.

RASTUS. Oh! doan' leave me here; dem Spanish soldiers will kill me, I know dey will!

LARRY (*going.*) Have no fear! they are not after Americans. They only kill their own people (*exit* L.)

RASTUS (*teeth chattering*). I'm so frightened—ah can't move—Oh! what'll ah do—(*grabs parasol, opens it, sits* R. *of* C. *putting parasol behind him; noise of horse galloping getting nearer;* RAS. *rolls his eyes around, tries to get up and can't do it*) Oh! my! wish I could run—ah can't even stand up! (*Enter Spanish private in uniform, carrying gun and large bag fastened to strap, slung over his shoulder, comes down to* R. *of* RAS. *pretends not to see him, takes out printed notice and tacks it on a tree*) (RASTUS *quickly turns around, gets his back and parasol toward soldier*) Oh me! Oh my! I

nebber saw a sheriff like dat fellow befo'. If he sees me ah'm a ded nigger!

SOLDIER (*turning around, about to go, sees parasol*). Ah! what's this—(*goes around slowly,* RAS. *keeps turning so as to keep parasol between him and soldier till latter has made complete circle; when parasol gets between* RAS. *and audience, soldier jumps round quickly and catches* RAS. *facing him; puts up gun as if to shoot* RAS.—RAS. *yells and screams and puts parasol between him and soldier, jumping up*) Murder! Watch! Police! Larry! Everybody! Help! Oh help! Massa Larry! Quick! Help!

(LARRY *rushes on* L., *revolver in hand pointing at soldier, who does not see him while* RAS. *does.*)

RASTUS. I'm saved!

LARRY. Halt!

(SOLDIER *looks around and sees him, frightened puts stock of gun on ground, holding it by the barrel.*)

LARRY. Attention! (*soldier always obeys*)

RASTUS (*gets to back of soldier, closes up parasol*). Well, I guess we've got him now—Oh! I dun no!

LARRY. Shoulder arms!—eyes right!—eyes left!—eyes front!—eyes back!—Attention!—carry arms!—mark time! (LARRY *counts, the manual of arms is gone through—after every command given* RASTUS *kicks and cuffs soldier: oh, I dun no! ad lib.*) About face!—(*Soldier turns his back to audience, faces* RAS. *who steps back*) Charge bayonets!—(*charge on* RAS. *who runs and yells up stage*) Halt!—about face!—forward! march!—halt!—left face!—(*he turns toward* LARRY, *while* RAS. *comes to the right of* LARRY) charge! bayonets!—(*soldier rushes at* LARRY, *whose hat falls over his eyes*—RAS. *yells, grabs hat and throws it up*) Halt!—(*soldier halts just as his bayonet is about to touch* LARRY'S *coat*)

RASTUS. I dun saved yer life dat time!

LARRY. Shoulder arms!—right about face!—forward—double quick—march! (*soldier rushes off*)

RASTUS (*shaking hands with* LARRY). That's the way to fix him!

LARRY. Me military tactics may be a little crude, but me moral tactics are all right—Number two—(*looking at revolver*)

RASTUS. Why it makes me brave just to look at you, Massa Larry.

(*Enter* WILLIAM EWING *head down, very limp and walking very slowly as if in pain. Comes down to* C.)

RASTUS (*very frightened*). Oh, my! another Spaniard! (*goes near* LARRY)

EWING (*puts his hand to breast, looks at* LARRY). You are an American? Thank God!

LARRY. No, an Irishman!—but it's the same thing!

EWING. I'm mortally wounded, I'm afraid, will you assist me? (*totters*)

LARRY (*holds him up*). What a question! Will an Irishman assist a fellow-being in distress? Come, sit down here!—Here, take some of this, it will revive you!—Rastus, run quick over to the house and bring Mr. Morris here!—quick now! tell what's happened quick!

RASTUS. All right, Sir!

LARRY (*unbuttoning* EWING'S *coat, showing badge on his left breast*). Why, you are a member of the grand army of the Republic, how is this?

EWING. Yes, Abraham Lincoln Post No. 6, New York. I served in the 17th U. S. Infantry during the entire war under Grant.

LARRY. Poor fellow, I see it all—the spirit of liberty burns so strongly in this noble fellow's breast that he is willing to sacrifice his life in aiding these struggling Cubans to obtain their freedom and independence. Oh, that the world possessed more of you!

(*Enter* GEORGE MORRIS, FATHER JOSE DELGATO, *a priest, and* RASTUS U. L. E.)

GEORGE. What is the matter, Larry? (*coming down* R. *of* LARRY)

LARRY. Here is one of our people, and a veteran of the civil war, wounded to death, I'm afraid.

GEORGE. Poor fellow. (*addressing* EWING) Have you any strength to talk. What is your name?

EWING. I think so—Ewing—from New York City. I enlisted in the cause of liberty with these poor persecuted Cubans; and if my life would bring them their freedom, I would gladly give it!

GEORGE. Noble fellow!

LARRY. After my own heart!

DELGATO. Our duty first is to attend to his physical needs so as to prepare a safe journey for his soul should it be released from his body.

GEORGE. You are right, Father; let us take him to the house.

(LARRY *and* GEORGE *each put their arms under each arm of* EWING *and they go off very slowly towards* L. 2 E.)

DELGATO (*following*). And may the great Father who with loving kindness cares for all, bless this unfortunate child and have mercy on his soul.

(*Exit* L. 2 E. RASTUS *first,* LARRY *and* GEORGE *with* EWING, PRIEST *following.*)

(*Enter* BLAKE *disguised with wig and beard* R. U. E. *looking after them.*)

BLAKE. Little you thought, George Morris, that I would dare to follow you here, but there is no more fit place in this wide world where circumstances can be turned to my account and against you than here in Cuba, and this little circumstance I will try to work against you with the Governor of this Province. He hates the Americans because the insurgents love

them. This is true of all Spaniards here and if he hesitates to kill you,—well it's easy enough to get some one else to do it for him. Then my turn will come. Oh, Revenge, but you are a sweet morsel! (*looking*) Here comes that nigger, he must not see me alone. (*Exit quickly* R. U. E.)

(*Enter* RASTUS L. 2 E. *crosses to* R. 2 E. *and rings bell about a dozen taps.*)

RASTUS. Dars a couple of dem farm hands I don't like; dey may be Cubans but I doubt it. Larry nebber makes a mistake. Oh! He's so smart. (*exit* L. 2 E.)

(*Enter* R. U. E. BLAKE *and* DUNN *disguised with wigs and beards,* SANCHEZ, *and farm hands all dressed in overalls, jumpers and broad-brim straw hats, looking pretty rough. All sit down except* BLAKE. *Chorus may be sung.*)

SANCHEZ. Well, (*looking around*) where's the dinner, I'm hungry as a bear.

OMNES. So am I. Where's the nigger?

SANCHEZ. Here he comes.

(*Enter* RASTUS L. 2 E. *with large basket containing dinner and a big jug of coffee with cups on top; sets it down very timidly, says nothing and exits quickly same as entrance. The men all take sandwiches out of the basket and commence eating.*)

DUNN. Eat heartily, lads, for you will need strength for our work this afternoon and evening!

SANCHEZ (*to* BLAKE). Have all the arrangements been made so there's no chance of failure.

BLAKE. Well, ask Antonio, he's been selected our Captain.

OMNES. What is it, Antonio, what is it about?

DUNN. I—thought you all knew the details.

SANCHEZ. No, two of our gang were not present

when we arranged the affair, so tell it for their benefit.

BLAKE (*sitting on bench under tree*). Not too loud, that nigger might be loitering around. Remember this is dangerous business! Be cautious!

DUNN. Let Sanchez tell it. He's the strongest patriotic spirit among us.

OMNES. Sanchez! Sanchez! Go on! (*ad lib.*)

SANCHEZ (*rising*). Well, boys, I think it is a great crime for us to be lying around here enjoying three square meals a day and some of the comforts of life, while our brothers are in the field fighting, bleeding, and dying in the cause of liberty, and I think it is our duty to help them in this desperate struggle!

OMNES. Hear! Hear! Bravo! (*ad lib. Bus.*)

BLAKE (*rising*). Bravo! We are with you to a man! Men, what say you? (*he sits again*)

OMNES. We are! We are! to a man! (*bus.*)

SANCHEZ. The other day I was informed by a reliable person that there is at this minute nearly fifty thousand dollars in gold in the Governor's house with which to pay the Spanish troops!

OMNES. Yes! Well! Can we get the money?

SANCHEZ. We can.

OMNES. How?

SANCHEZ. By raiding the house, of course. And this money will buy lots of provisions, clothing and ammunition for our heart-broken brothers in arms and with the money and ourselves added to the cause, they will be greatly aided.

VOICE. Wouldn't that be robbery?

SANCHEZ. No, everything is fair in war.

BLAKE. And in love!

VOICE. Suppose the Governor himself should be met?

BLAKE (*rising and vehemently*). Kill him of course. In war it would not be murder; do not the Spanish soldiers kill your brothers, do they consider

it murder? Do not the Spanish soldiers burn your brothers' homes? Do they call it arson? NO, Sanchez is right, we will do as he bids.

OMNES. We will! We will! (*bus.*)

VOICE. But how can we overcome the guard?

BLAKE. Antonio, who has been chosen captain, he will tell you how to turn that little trick.

DUNN. I will arrange to have the Governor away from his house when the time comes and to have the guard sent on a wild goose chase by a false order.

OMNES. Good! It will work! (*ad lib.*)

DUNN. Now then, boys, let us procure our arms. I have arranged to have the guard sent off, and at the sound of the bell—two taps and three shots will be the signal for marching at once to the Governor's house. I will be there as soon as you will and I appoint Sanchez first lientenant whose orders you will obey until I arrive.

OMNES. We will! All right! We will! (*going*)

DUNN. Then good luck to you and prepare yourselves well.

OMNES. We will! We will! (*exeunt, omnes, except* DUNN *and* BLAKE, L. U. E.)

DUNN (*coming to center*). What's the matter, Willard, you don't seem to take as much interest in this matter as you did yesterday.

BLAKE (*rising*). Oh! Yes I do. (*aside*) I must turn this trick to my own advantage. (*walking towards* R. 2 E.) I must get that money first and then—(*sees notice on tree, stops and reads*)

DUNN (*sits on bench under tree* R.). Let me study the program so there will be no mistake. (*takes out paper—appears to be deeply reading papers*)

BLAKE. What's this! (*reads notice*) Any and all persons within the Province of Santiago de Cuba giving information of any kind to the rebels or any one in sympathy with them or their cause or in any manner rendering any aid, succor or help to them or

any of them, or harboring, sheltering or feeding them or any of them shall be deemed guilty of treason and upon conviction shall be hanged, all in accordance with section fifty-three, Military Code.

(*Signed*) Martinez De Campos.
Captain-General, Isle de Cuba.

(*turning towards audience intensely*). Ah! Ha, George Morris, my work is easy. In New York your honesty ruined me! Here your sympathies will ruin you and save me. (*thinks*) I have it.

DUNN (*putting paper in pocket, rising and coming down* R., BLAKE *crosses to* L.). Well, Willard, you seem to be doing a lot of thinking just now.

BLAKE. Yes! I am; this job requires a lot of it. We are taking desperate chances.

DUNN. No greater than when we tried to steal the money ourselves last month; and we got away.

BLAKE. Yes, but we didn't get the money!

DUNN. But if we hadn't got away; what then?

BLAKE. Well I don't care to hear ancient history.

DUNN. What's in your head now; some scheme I'll bet you.

BLAKE (*angrily*). Yes, there is, and it's this: you know in this affair some one is going to be stretched out for good; and I don't propose it shall be me.

DUNN. What do you mean!

BLAKE. Let's give the Governor the tip. We'll get a large reward.

DUNN (*angrily*). What, give away our pals!

BLAKE. You've hit the nail on the head!

DUNN. And curse you! Willard Blake. I've a good mind (*pulls pistol*) to hit you a clip on your head with this, so hard that you'll never be able to use it again for any purpose, let alone anything so infernal, low and mean as what you've just proposed. It was you, Willard Blake, who made me the scoundrel and criminal that I am. But remember one thing!

I'll not go back on my pals! and I will stick to them through thick and thin. So go steady, Mr. Blake, or rather Mr. Hernandez! Go steady!

BLAKE. Ha! ha! Here's my hand, Jerry. I was only trying you out.

DUNN. Well, Willard, don't try me out again in the same way; if you do you'll never live to try it on any one else. Understand! (*exit* L. U. E.)

BLAKE. I'll have to get rid of you Mr. Dunn. You are getting altogether too moral for my company. A clip on my head, eh? Well, I guess a clip under your ear will do as good work for me. Why should I take any chances. Luck seems to be with me and in the scuffle I'll manage to land a bullet in George Morris's head so as to be doubly sure of him!

(*Enter* SENOR RICARDO GUTIERREZ, *quickly* R. 1 E.)

BLAKE. May I speak a word to your excellency?

RICARDO. Not now I'm in a great hurry.

BLAKE. It is a matter of vast importance to you and to your government.

RICARDO. In that case I'll listen. What is it, quick?

BLAKE. You know Mr. Morris, the superintendent of this plantation.

RICARDO. Yes? what of him? (*looking at* BLAKE *intently*) Ah! Ha! and I know you now? you scoundrel! You are the man who attempted to burglarize my house about a month ago and steal the money you know I had there.

BLAKE. Well what are you going to do about it? (*pulls revolver*)

RICARDO. Why, call the guard yonder, have you arrested and then hang you.

BLAKE. That's easier said than done.

RICARDO (*excitedly*). What do you mean, you scoundrel. (*bus.*)

BLAKE. I mean that your guard is now far away, decoyed by a false order supposed to be signed by you.

RICARDO (*excitedly looks off* R., *comes back, stands* R. *of* C.). 'Tis true! Speak, man! What does this mean! (*bus.*)

BLAKE. Ah! Ha! You'll listen now. You hate Americans because they are secretly aiding your enemies and you would like to rid your province of every one of them. Is it not true?

RICARDO. It is but natural for every patriotic Spaniard to think and feel that way. Go on.

BLAKE. Agree to my terms and I will give you enough evidence to prove Morris guilty of treason, the punishment of which is death!

RICARDO. You can do this? (*excited and nervous*)

BLAKE. Yes and more, I can prove him a conspirator against your life and to rob your house of the money now in it!

RICARDO (*very excited*). Your terms then, what are they?

BLAKE. A pardon for my offence against you; ten thousand dollars in gold and a passport out of the country.

RICARDO I agree to—(*about to extend his hand*).

BLAKE. Where's the security?

RICARDO. The word of a Spanish gentleman. (*bus.*)

BLAKE. I must have something more substantial than that, you are known as a proud, cruel, and stern man. Now listen; everything has been carefully prepared for the organization of the farm hands on this plantation into a company which, with George Morris at its head, will join the insurgents. Their first move will be to loot your house and kill you if necessary in accomplishing that end.

RICARDO. Your proofs! (*bus.*)

BLAKE. First: George Morris has now in his house a wounded insurgent attended by a priest in violation of that notice; (*pointing to notice on tree*) second—in less than half an hour the signal, two taps

of a bell and three shots, will be given when the work will begin.

RICARDO. If I can prevent this thing it will greatly advance me and my interest with the home government and I will receive fresh honors and a high office. But can I trust you in this matter?

BLAKE. Is it not to my interest to do so?

RICARDO. Good! Then depend on me, for it is to my interest to avert this uprising and to punish the conspirators! (*takes book out of pocket, writes in it, tears out leaf*) Take my horse yonder (*pointing* R.) Ride for your life after the file of men and give this to the officer in command.

BLAKE (*crosses to* R.). Do not fear me sir! (*going*) Now, Mr. George Morris, you succeeded in foiling me in one plot! I wonder if you will succeed so well in this one. (*laughs—exit* R. 1 E.)

RICARDO. Can I trust this fellow? He has betrayed his comrades, he may betray me! Wealth and high position for me is the stake and I'll risk it. I am safe at least, for where martial law reigns I am supreme. (*exit* R. 1 E.)

(*Enter* GEORGE MORRIS, PRIEST *and* GERALD, L. 2 E.)

GEORGE (*coming on, going* R.). I'm afraid poor Ewing has received his death, but he shall at least have every tender care that is possible to be given to him during his last moments.

DELGATO. I trust your fears are unwarranted; he is now sleeping soundly and with great care and careful nursing he may recover.

GERALD. We fondly hope so!

GEORGE (*sees notice on tree and reads it*). What's this! I cannot translate it all. (*to* PRIEST) Father Delgato, will you kindly translate that notice for us.

DELGATO (*going to notice*). Briefly it states that any one giving aid or comfort in any manner to any of the insurgents will be guilty of treason, the punishment of which is death by hanging.

GERALD. Then we must all be very careful concerning poor Ewing.

GEORGE. Yes, luckily no one knows of the circumstances but ourselves, except Rastus and Larry and with them our secret is safe.

DELEGATO. The Lord will not permit the punishment of those who perform works of mercy upon their fellow man, for the great law is "Sow to yourself righteousness and ye reap in mercy."

GEORGE. But I fear the Governor of this province on account of his extreme hatred towards Americans. He is ambitious and is therefore dangerous; and I also fear for your safety, good Father, for you too have broken the law.

DELGATO. Why fear him? Hath not our blessed Savior taught us in these words: "And fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

GEORGE. You are right, good Father Delgato, your advice is consoling and it gives me strength.

DELGATO. "The Lord is my strength and my song and He is my salvation."

GERALD. We are indeed in a very uncomfortable position to say the least. George, here comes father and the Governor, (*looking off* R.) and judging from appearances we are in trouble.

(*Enter* R. 1 E. RICARDO, FIRMAN *and several armed servants to the* GOVERNOR.)

FIRMAN. I say, sir, you have been deceived; the whole affair is simply absurd.

RICARDO. Absurd or not I am obliged to act on the information given me; it is sufficient; (*to attendants*) arrest those two men. (*pointing to* DELGATO *and* GEORGE—*they are placed under arrest at once by two attendants each standing beside them*)

GEORGE. Are you in your right senses, Señor Gutierrez?

RICARDO. Sufficiently to know that I will be responsible for arresting a would-be robber and murderer; a treasonist and felon.

GEORGE. Take care sir! Although I am a prisoner to you, you will discover that you cannot heap such wrongs and insults as these upon an American citizen.

RICARDO. Do you deny that you have given aid and assistance to an insurgent soldier.

GEORGE. No, I gave aid to a dying American soldier, the same aid I would extend to one of your own. It matters not to me whether a man be Cuban or Spanish, I would not deny him succor in an hour of distress.

FIRMAN. Bravely spoken, George, and if there be any power left in the Stars and Stripes you shall not suffer for this humane act. (*to* RICARDO) And why do you arrest this reverend gentleman? Great Heavens! Has the proud and once all-powerful nation, Spain, fallen so low!

GERALD. Señor Gutierrez, I once thought you a man of honor; there must be some stronger motive than the one you mention. What is it?

RICARDO. The danger is too imminent to talk further on the subject. (*bell rings twice and three shots,* L.) Ah! Ha! The signal. Seize and bind them lest they escape to their friends. (*they are quickly seized and ropes are tied around their arms*)

GEORGE. Señor Gutierrez, do you call yourself a man.

RICARDO. I call myself the Governor of this province and you are my prisoner.

(*Enter* LARRY *running on as fast as possible* L. U. E.)

LARRY. There is going to be trouble here mighty soon. (*at* C.)

GERALD. We are having our share right now.

LARRY (*looking around and seeing* GEORGE *and* DELGATO *prisoners*). What does this mean, George?

(*going toward him the guards advance threateningly.* LARRY *pulls revolver*)

GEORGE. Don't, Larry, I beg of you, don't get yourself in trouble as I may need your assistance.

LARRY. And you need it now. (*noise and shots heard off* L. U. E. *and* R. U. E.) I'm sure of it. (*bus.*)

GERALD. What does all this mean? (*consternation by every one except* RICARDO)

RICARDO. It means that I am saved!

LARRY. Well I'm dam sorry for it!

(SPANISH SOLDIERS *commander by officer rush in, double quick,* R. 1 E., *cross and go a little up stage to* L., *form in line facing* R. U. E. BLAKE *sneaks in, stands behind them.*)

OFFICER. Take aim! (*they aim guns*)

(*Farm hands rush on* R. U. E.)

DUNN (*leading them*). Forward, lads, quick! (*they see soldiers and all stop and crouch down*)

DUNN. AH! HA! We have been betrayed; but by whom!

BLAKE (*rushing through ranks to* C.). By me, Hernandez, a Spanish sympathizer. And now your excellency, is it death to traitors?

RICARDO. Ay! to all! None shall be spared!

BLAKE (*taking out revolver and aiming it at* GEORGE). Then I will set the example by ridding you of their leader, George Morris.

LARRY (LARRY *knocks revolver out of his hand, tears off his wig and beard*). The precepts and example have both failed, Willard Blake! (*pointing his revolver at* BLAKE *who cowers down low*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *A prison, window high up with bars,* L. *of* C. *Iron barred door* C. *back—two stools—very dark back, light arranged so as to be full on door, dark either side.*

GEORGE *and* PRIEST *discovered.* GEORGE *sitting on stool* L. *in shirt sleeves.*

GEORGE. Oh! Father, this is terrible! More than I can bear. I am afraid; and to be thus humiliated and abused. Oh! it is awful. (*hides face in his hands*)

DELGATO. Do not think so, my son, but remember "Those who walk in pride. He is able to abase. For whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted.

GEORGE (*rising*). Ah! Yes, Father, your faith is fresh and I feel it will save our souls, but I fear great harm to our bodies.

DELGATO. Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?

GEORGE. Your life has been a better one than mine and it is therefore harder for me to bear up under these false accusations.

DELGATO. Having a good conscience that whereas they speak evil of you they may be punished that falsely accuse you!

GEORGE. Ah! Father, but to be forced to suffer innocently when I have done nothing but good seems hardly right to me. Does it seem right to you, good Father?

DELGATO. It is written "For it will be better if the will of God be so that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing; for Christ also hath suffered for our sins: the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God!" (*bus.* GEORGE *bows his head*)

PEDRO (*with lantern at back gate, reading order*). A gentleman to see Father Delgato. (*he opens gate*)

(*Enter* LARRY *quickly going to* GEORGE. *They shake hands warmly and crossing to* FATHER DELGATO, *shakes hand with* PRIEST.)

LARRY (*quietly to priest*). How does he bear up beneath this terrible ordeal?

DELGATO. His faith in God makes his burden easy and he has no fear of death!

LARRY. And such a disgraceful death; accused of being implicated in a plot of which he is as innocent as you are, Father Delgato? convicted upon the testimony of the blackest and lowest scoundrel that ever escaped the gallows and sentenced by a man who disgraces the sacred name of Justice simply to gratify his personal and political ambitions. It is the foulest and blackest crime imaginable and I intend to prevent it, this very night.

GEORGE (*coming toward him*). How, Larry! Tell me!

LARRY (*going up to door looking out through bars, then coming down earnestly and quietly*). You know the other jailer, Sancho the negro, relieves Pedro here at eight-thirty this evening. Well, he'll not be here.

GEORGE. What do you mean? (*nervously*)

LARRY. Well he'll not be here this evening!

GEORGE. How so?

LARRY. He's three miles away, fast asleep and he'll not wake up until to-morrow afternoon about three P. M.

GEORGE. What has happened to him?

LARRY (*taking out bottle*). I gave him some of my protection, so he's safe. Do you mind? (*winking*)

GEORGE. Ah! I understand now. But why did you do this?

LARRY. Rastus is dressed in Sancho's clothes; he

will be here on time to relieve Pedro. The guards nor any one else will recognize him. I couldn't myself, for all coons look alike to me any way!

GEORGE. Ah! Larry; I comprehend now what you intend doing. Don't, I beg of you, get that faithful fellow in my position.

LARRY. Never mind now; I'll be here with him. I got two orders, one to see the priest and one to see you, do you understand now? This time I came to see Father Delgato, the next time I will come not only to see you but to——

GEORGE. Hush! I hear some one. Come now, tell me the news!

LARRY. The Governor is deaf to the entreaties and threats of Mr. Firman and all the American residents of the Province.

GEORGE. Did they capture the farm hands, poor fellows!

LARRY. No! By some strategy they managed to escape and I'll warrant yer they'll be after me high and mighty Lord Duke Gutierrez before long.

PEDRO (*opening door*). Time's up, sir!

LARRY. Farewell, George! Farewell—old—boy—I—Heaven Bless you! (*putting hand to throat and brushing away tear. Exits rapidly and knocks over* PEDRO.)

GEORGE. The many friends I have in this overwhelming trouble gives me heart to bear up beneath it! Pray for me, Father, I fear my life on earth is now very short and my hours of adversity will soon pass away.

DELGATO. Cheer up, my son, and have no fear; bodily harm passes soon away, therefore have strength to meet it. For "if thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small." (*bus.*)

(*Enter* RASTUS *clad in uniform of jailer at* D. *back.*)

GEORGE. Oh! Rastus, my friend, how—(*about to*

advance toward him. RASTUS *frightened and tries to be gruff*)

RASTUS. You've made a mistake, I'm not Rastus. My name is Sancho. (*bus. Aside*) Ah'm scared 'bout to death! (*leaves door open—aside*) Why don't he run out. (*walking around in cell, not noticing* GEORGE. *Aside*) I nebber seen such a man in my life. I've hear of people dat didn't know enough to go in de house when it rained. He don't know nuff to go out of de house when de door is open. (*noise as if some was approaching outside,* RASTUS *rushes out, closes door*) It's Larry, ah'm so glad! (*opens door again and they whisper at the door*)

LARRY (*going to quickly to* GEORGE). The door is unlocked, Rastus is on watch and the coast is clear, the guard is not there. Here, put this coat on and your escape is certain. Now quick!

GEORGE. Oh, Larry! you are too generous and good. Your love for me is so strong that you would sacrifice your own life to save mine. Noble fellow! No, Larry! The sacrifice is too great!

LARRY (*excited*). Never mind me! Me Irish wit will save my life.

GEORGE. Don't press it too far, it might fail you.

LARRY. We have no time to lose. Quick, I say!

GEORGE. The guard will return at nine-fifteen. Well, be it so and may heaven help us both! (*puts on* LARRY'S *coat about to go*)

RASTUS (*at door*). Gentleman to see Mr. Morris.

(*Enter* BLAKE, RASTUS *closes door but does not lock it.* LARRY *goes up to door and shakes it.*)

LARRY. Sancho! Jailer! Oh, Sancho! (RASTUS *comes to door, they speak in dumb show*) (*alone*) You understand now?

RASTUS (*alone*). Oh! I understand everything will go off right, it's all fixed! Nine o'clock then!

LARRY (*coming down* C.). Well, you infernal

scoundrel! (*makes a drive at him and pulls a gun*)

GEORGE (*taking hold of* LARRY). Not now, Larry. Not now, Larry, his time will come, later!

BLAKE (*crossing and aside*). What does this mean. Ha! Ha! a plot arranged for his escape! (*bus.*)

LARRY. Well, what do you want then. Haven't you performed enough deviltry already? You're here for no good purpose I'll warrant you!

BLAKE. There you are mistaken, Mr. Toole, I am here to perform a good deed.

LARRY. I doubt it! (*turning away*) I'll keep my eyes on him all the same.

GEORGE. Can any good come from you, Willard Blake.

BLAKE. You shall soon see. The Governor has consented to sign your pardon at my earnest request.

GEORGE and LARRY. A pardon!

BLAKE. Yes, conditionally!

LARRY. That's different.

GEORGE. I presume on conditions which are more disgraceful than the death to which I am sentenced.

BLAKE. The conditions are these: First, that you sign this paper setting forth a confession of your guilt. I can take no chances as the pressure upon the Governor in his favor is getting very strong. Second:——

GEORGE. Enough! I see through your fiendish plot. Go and never let me see your face again. (*bus. Turning away and going up to* DELGATO *they speak in dumb show*)

BLAKE. Very well then, Mr. Morris, in a few hours your neck will be stretched to such an extent that it will never be any use to you again. (*clock strikes one outside*)

LARRY. And you're a liar! George Morris has fooled you and it's your neck, not his, that will be stretched!

BLAKE (*looking anxiously around*). What does

this mean? (*He appears frightened. Second stroke of bell*)

LARRY (*to* GEORGE). (*Whispers so* BLAKE *can hear him*) Now's your chance. (*bus.*) It's all arranged.

GEORGE. Good! Then I'll be free. (*third stroke of bell*)

BLAKE. Free! Ah, ha! I will prevent it. (*bus. Fourth stroke*)

LARRY. The door is unlocked, see! (*running to door throws it open. Fifth stroke of bell*)

BLAKE (*down* R.). I'll call for help! (*about to run across stage to* D.)

(LARRY *draws revolver, points it at* BLAKE.)

LARRY. Do at your peril. (*sixth stroke of bell*)

DELGATO (*coming to* LARRY). My son thou shalt do no murder. (*seventh stroke of bell*)

(LARRY *turns to speak to* DELGATO, *when off his guard,* BLAKE *draws his revolver and has* LARRY *at his mercy.*)

BLAKE. Now, sir, attempt to detain me and you die like a dog. (*eighth stroke of bell*)

GEORGE. Larry, we are lost!

(BLAKE *backs to door quickly.*)

LARRY (*loudly*). No, but he is! (*ninth stroke of bell; as* BLAKE *rushes out of door shot heard off* R. BLAKE *throws up his hands and falls at door.*)

LARRY (*grabbing* GEORGE *by the hand*). Rastus has done his work!

PICTURE—END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE: *Open country, perspective drop, full stage.*

(LARRY *and* RASTUS *coming on* R. 2 E. *at* C.)

LARRY (*looking back and pointing*). Well I suppose that it is here that the hellish work of Willard Blake will be accomplished. I'm sorry you didn't kill him, Rastus.

RASTUS. I tried putty hard, Massa Larry, but I guess on account of bein' jes' a little 'cited my aim wa'n't quite as true as it might have been under mo' favorable circumstances.

LARRY. I'm sorry I didn't finish the devil in the prison!

RASTUS. So am I; and when will poor Massa George be hung.

LARRY. Never if I can help.

RASTUS. I'm afraid you can't help it now!

LARRY. Well I can try, can't I?

RASTUS. You've been done tryin' all de time but you ain't done nothin' yit.

LARRY. Well I'm going to do something now. Look here, Rastus (*bus.*) George Morris won't hang, not if a stout Irish heart can prevent it.

RASTUS. Well I wish you luck, and plenty of it, Massa Larry.

LARRY. Here comes Mr. Firman and the Governor, let us step back here and listen to their conversation. I may learn something.

RASTUS. Listeners nebber learn anything good ob demselves.

(RASTUS *and* LARRY *get behind* R. 2 E.)

(*Enter* FIRMAN *and the* GOVERNOR R. 1 E.)

FIRMAN. Once more Senor Gutierrez, as the

representative of the U. S. Government, I now not only utter to you my official protest but serve you with a copy of the same; the original I will retain, upon which I will transcribe my affidavit of service upon you. (*takes two papers out of his pocket, hands one to* RICARDO, *the other he writes upon and places back in his pocket*) You may accept it or not.

RICARDO (*takes it, puts it in his pocket*). It is my duty to be courteous to the representatives of every nation and in my official capacity I shall accept the service upon me. But, sir! I must inform you that both of these protests are useless. This province is, as you are aware, under martial law, and it is necessary for me to make a severe example.

FIRMAN. But why with an innocent man?

RICARDO. The evidence against him is overwhelming.

FIRMAN. Overwhelming! Why it is only the unsupported testimony of the blackest villain who disgraces the form and name of man.

RICARDO. The attempt to escape last night is the strongest evidence of his guilt that I could wish for.

FIRMAN. Then, sir, I appeal to you at least for a postponement of this horrible affair, until such time as will enable you to capture some of those farm hands and obtain their evidence to show whether Morris is guilty of these charges or not!

RICARDO. That would avail me nothing, for they would certainly swear he was innocent.

FIRMAN. Then, sir, I appeal to your honor as a man. Your ambition to rise in the estimation of your government must certainly be accompanied with that degree of honor which should impel you to give every one charged with crime, no matter how lowly he may be, the fullest opportunity to prove his innocence.

RICARDO. When George Morris attempted to escape he lost that opportunity; his sentence must be executed and at once. (*looking at his watch*)

FIRMAN. Very well, Señor, I shall be obliged to submit to your uncharitable resolution.

RICARDO. There is one concession, however, I have made in consideration of the government of which he is a citizen; that is, he shall be shot instead of hanged.

FIRMAN. I doubt if he will appreciate the concession. For it matters not in what manner the crime of assassination is committed the penalty will be the same. Señor Gutierrez, George Morris is a free-born American citizen, the proudest boast that can be made by any living being who walks the earth. He is the citizen of a country whose greatest pride and glory is its flag which has never yet been lowered in disgrace before the most powerful nations of the whole world; under its stripes and starry field the humblest citizen receives the fullest protection its great power can give, and mark me, sir! if you persist in this cruel assassination of George Morris a citizen of the United States, she will expect from Spain for this terrible outrage a bitter and awful retribution. (*Exit* R. 1 E.)

RICARDO. Dare I defy the powerful nation he represents? I'm not quite sure whether I have gone too far or not! No, I cannot stop now, if I should, ridicule and scorn from my superiors would be my reward. On the other hand praise and preferment will be given me. Already General Campos has recommended that I be favorably considered for an appointment to a ministry at the court of some European nation. No, he must die. A ministry and the social status it will bring me is worth more than all the lives of all the Americans in Cuba. (*Exit* R. 1 E.)

LARRY (*at* C.). He don't seem to have much faith in the evidence against Morris and he didn't feel very comfortable when Mr. Firman presented to him what my adopted country would do to his native one. In his present state of mind the proper sort of inducements might bring him to his proper senses.

I have an idea. I'll try it on if I get the chance. Come, Rastus, we've business to attend to. (*going*)

RASTUS. Yes, you always was very attentive to business. Ha! ha!

(LARRY *and* RASTUS *exit* L. 1 E.)

(*Enter* FIRMAN *and* GERALD, R. 2 E.)

GERALD. And this is the place where poor George is to be executed.

FIRMAN. Rather say murdered. Oh! this is terrible! What can I do to prevent this terrible crime. (*bus.*)

GERALD. Have you heard nothing from your messengers to the Consul-general?

FIRMAN. No, not yet, and I am afraid they will be too late even should they have been successful.

GERALD (*affected*). Oh! George, I am afraid indeed that you are surely lost. (*he puts hands over eyes and weeps. Distant music and muffled drums are heard approaching off* L. *Trumpet call*—FIRMAN *and* GERALD *both start and look off* L. 2 E.)

FIRMAN. Good heaven be merciful! they are coming!

GERALD. Oh! George! Oh! George! Can no one save you now.

(*Enter* LARRY *and* RASTUS L. 2 E. *quickly.*)

LARRY (*going up to* GERALD). A man by the name of Larry Toole is goin' to try mighty hard.

GERALD (*takes* LARRY *by the hand*). Oh! Larry, I'm afraid your big, noble and generous heart has run away with your head!

LARRY. No I think my head's in the right place, although it's doin' a heap of spinnin' of late. Now cheer up, Mr. Gerald; I think more of George Morris than my brother, an' I never had one, and I'd lay me life down this minute for him, the poor—(*breaks down and cries bus.*)

GERALD. There now, Larry, I thought you were

so brave and cheerful; and you're crying like a child.

LARRY (*looking round at him and sobbing and trying to look cheerful*). Why! I'm—not—crying.

GERALD. Well what are you doing then.

LARRY. That's the way I laugh. (*tries to laugh*)

RASTUS (*has been looking of* R. 2 E. *coming down*). De soldiers am—bringing—po'—Massa—George—an'——

LARRY (*looks off right*). Yes, curse them! (*bracing up*) But I'll be with them and in "at the death!"

FIRMAN (GERALD *and* RASTUS *stand* L. *with heads bowed while music and drums grow louder. Enter* GEORGE MORRIS, DELGATO *between two soldiers, in front bound. Soldiers with officer following them.* RICARDO *and* BLAKE *in rear with head bandaged, blood on bandage.* PRIEST *and* GEORGE *are led up to* C. *back. Soldiers form line on left of stage a little down from* C. FIRMAN *goes up and stands beside* GEORGE. LARRY *beside* FIRMAN'S *left.* GERALD *to* R. *of* PRIEST. RICARDO *and* BLAKE *to* R. *down.*).

OFFICER. Halt! Present arms!

RICARDO (*aside to* BLAKE). Now that the moment arrives I almost falter!

BLAKE. Fail now and you will be ridiculed! And remember! your reward.

(GERALD *goes up to* GEORGE, *also* FIRMAN *and* LARRY.)

GERALD. Oh! my poor friend and brother! It is hard for me to ask you to have courage at an hour like this. But have courage, George. Father's messengers may now arrive at any moment!

GEORGE. I have courage and it is in the knowledge that through life I have always tried to do what I thought was right and I now ask you, Gerald, as I am about to die——

GERALD. Oh! my God! (*bus.*)

GEORGE. That you grant me one last request.

GERALD. A hundred if you ask them. What is it, George?

GEORGE. You are still a very young man and the world before you is still bright and you have every prospect in future, which if you deport yourself in a manly manner will make you happy.

GERALD. I will try to do so.

GEORGE. Then live not for yourself but for your fellow men; not for the pleasures in this life but for the benefits and happiness you can bestow upon others. Never permit a soul to suffer when you can alleviate the distress; never allow sorrow to come to a fellow creature when you can soothe it. Be true to yourself and to my memory and you will then be true to every living creature, and when death arrives, it will not be an ignominious one like mine, I know, and the kindly acts and righteous deeds you have performed will forever be a monument to your memory in the lives of those who live after you. Farewell! (*he faints and falls to his feet, he is assisted to his feet again by* GERALD *and* FIRMAN)

LARRY (*very excited, coming down to* C.). Señor Guttierrez! Have you any heart left in your body, when in the presence of these your own soldiers—and there's not a dry eye amongst them—you will bid them to murder so noble a man as George Morris? And there's not a man amongst them who wants to do the deed!

(BLAKE *pulls* RICARDO'S *coat; he turns; they whisper.*)

RICARDO. You may consider yourself lucky that I do not command them to execute you, as you attempted to secure his escape last night.

LARRY. Then do it, (*he is standing very straight*) and if it will save the life of that man (*pointing to* GEORGE) I will die the happiest man on the island.

GEORGE. Oh! Larry! Larry! you noble fellow! (*drops head*)

. . . .

RICARDO. I have seen and heard enough of these dramatics and the execution must proceed. Father Delgato, have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not now be executed upon you?

DELGATO (*straightening up and steps forward one or two steps*). For myself, no! but for this young man I ask you in the name of Heaven, stay your hand! My association with him in your foul and noisome prison cell has convinced me that he is innocent of the violation of any law against his God, no matter what you or your martial law may adjudge him. And if he be innocent before God he is therefore innocent before men.

RICARDO. True, but you teach us to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and I have been set to judge that which is Cæsar's.

DELGATO. And our Blessed Lord and Master speaking to such as you, said "I speak to your shame. Is it so that there is not a wise man among you? No, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren!"

(*Noise heard off* L. *of horse galloping rapidly and a faint voice crying "Hold! hold!" and continues to grow louder.*)

RICARDO. Not learned in Ecclesiastical Law I am unable to answer you; and I must carry out the judgment of the court! Have you done!

DELGATO. Yes. (*turns*) And may God have mercy on you!

(*Noise of horses' hoofs very loud and near. "Hold! hold!"* GERALD *and* LARRY *looking off* L.)

GERALD. It's the reprieve. (*excitement and moving about*) George, you are saved! at last! at last! (*bus.*)

ENTER MESSENGER. A reprieve, sir! (*crosses-to* RICARDO, *hands him paper* RICARDO *takes it, reads*)

BLAKE. Foiled again! (*bus.*)

RICARDO. A paper granting pardon to Father Delgato. Signed by General Martinez de Campos, Captain General, Isle de Cuba.

(LARRY, GERALD, FIRMAN, RASTUS *and others show disappointment.*)

FIRMAN (*coming down*). May I read the paper, sir?

RICARDO. With pleasure!

FIRMAN (*reads*). Too true! (*bus. going up and standing beside* GEORGE.)

RICARDO. Release Father Delgato! (*he is released and is handed paper; he puts it in his belt*) And now, George Morris, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not now be executed upon you.

GEORGE. Nothing! Except that you are committing a foul and dastardly murder and I leave you to yourself and to your God!

RICARDO. Is there nothing more?

GEORGE. Nothing except—that I forgive you.

RICARDO. Prepare him for death. (*soldiers about to blindfold him and turning his back to soldiers*) And ask him to kneel.

GEORGE. No! I kneel to no one but my Maker and if I die, it will be facing my foe, like a brave American.

RICARDO. Officer, give the proper commands; at the word three you will order them to fire.

OFFICER. Attention! Take aim!——

RICARDO. One—two——

FIRMAN (*jumps in front of* GEORGE). Hold I say! Once more I defy you to deny the official petition of the United States Government!

RICARDO. Take him away or I will fire on him.

FIRMAN. Then fire on me, and such vengeance will be wrought, that Spain will no longer stand among the nations of the earth.

(FIRMAN *is torn away by soldiers who attended* PRIEST.)

RICARDO. One—two—th——

LARRY (*jumps behind* GEORGE, *wraps American flag about him*). Fire upon that (*pointing*) and pollute it with your dirty, murderous hand, if you dare!

PICTURE—CURTAIN—STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

ACT IV.

SCENE: *Landscape drop, rocks* R. U. E.; *trees* R. *and* L. 2 E. *A sort of woodland, trees around where convenient. Lights not full on.*

BLAKE (*enters from* L. U. E.; *head tied up as before, no coat on and pants ragged, shirt torn, no hat and looking very rough*). The devils, they'll not catch me here, they'll never dare to come so near the Governor's house and they'll not expect I'm here. I must arrange some way to creep in by the secret door, get some of that money and escape from this cursed place—my course will then be easy. Curse them! they'll show me no mercy for having deceived them and I can expect none from Gutierrez. I'm hemmed in on every side and hunted like a dog but I'll fight like a tiger and to the death. (*at* C.) Ah! Ha! Some one is coming. Who can it be? Not a friend I know, for every man's hand is now against me. (*hides behind rocks* R. U. E.)

(*Enter* FIRMAN, RICARDO *and* LARRY L. 2 E.)

RICARDO. While I dare not insult the powerful nation you represent by firing upon its flag, yet surely George Morris' offence against our law merits some punishment.

FIRMAN. Señor Gutierrez, is not the fact that he

is an American citizen the only crime that you can charge against George Morris and your hatred of his countrymen together with your unswerving ambition to hold high political honors impelled you to act so severely against him and me?

RICARDO. The open moral and the secret financial aid the citizens of your country are giving to the insurgents justifies every patriotic Spaniard to be suspicious of Americans, to say the least.

FIRMAN. Again, the accusation of that scoundrel, Willard Blake, whom you know as Hernandez, implicating him in the plot with my employees is utterly groundless.

RICARDO. What motive could induce him to make such a charge against Morris? Why charge him with attempting to take my life if there were no truth in it?

FIRMAN. Well, I am glad of this opportunity to inform you. In my excitement I forgot to do so. In New York he was apparently a thriving and respected diamond broker. He sought my daughter's hand in marriage and was rejected; she had already given it to Morris who was his clerk. In his chagrin, anger and disappointment he attempted to ruin Morris' character by charging him with the theft of his diamonds, but by the merest accident, at the time, George discovered he was dealing in stolen goods. He was arrested, jumped his bail bond and followed Morris here, where the villain has attempted to wreak his vengeance on this innocent young man by charging him with another crime the penalty of which is death.

RICARDO. Your explanation places the matter in a new light before me and I hope that I can atone for the wrong I have done him by asking him to forgive me!

FIRMAN. And he will gladly grant it, a generous impulsive nature like his requires nothing more than you suggest. Ah! here he comes now.

(*Enter* GEORGE, GERALD *and* RASTUS R. 2 E.)

RICARDO. Mr. Morris, I am satisfied that I have been imposed upon by a scoundrel and have in my effort to protect my country done a grievous wrong. As a man I ask your forgiveness.

GEORGE. Your confession, Señor Gutierrez, carries forgiveness with it. Henceforth I hope we will be friends. (*extends hand to* RICARDO *and they shake hands*)

RASTUS (*aside*). Wouldn't dat feller kill yer? Now I wouldn't do dat fo' all——

LARRY. Well I dunno! (*bus.*)

(*Distant shots heard off* R. *also shouts.*)

RICARDO (*looking off* R. *Excited*). The revolters are about to carry out their threat by attacking the tower. Let us hasten to the barracks. Are you all armed?

OMNES. We are.

GEORGE. I have nothing.

RICARDO. For fear of some encounter on the way you had better be prepared. Step into the house, here, take this. (*writes order in book, tears out leaf and hands it to* GEORGE) You will find a guard at the door and he will supply you with arms. We will not proceed very rapidly and you will overtake us in a few moments. Come on then.

(*Exit* FIRMAN, GERALD, RICARDO, *and* RASTUS, R. 2 E.)

LARRY. I think, George, I had better remain here with you as there's no telling where that scoundrel Blake is; and should he catch you unarmed he would delight in killing you.

GEORGE. I have no fear of him here, as he would not dare to come so near to the Governor's house. (*noise distance off* R.)

LARRY. You can bet he's not off there, for if those

fellows get him he'll pay the penalty to them for his treachery.

GEORGE. And should the Governor lay hold of him his fate will be no better. Well, it is the punishment he has brought on his own head through his own evil deeds.

LARRY. And well he deserves it.

GEORGE. Well, you walk along slowly and I will get a gun in a few moments and will be with you.

LARRY All right (*going*) but I'll keep my eye open for that fellow Blake. (*exit* R. 2 E.)

(BLAKE *shows himself, draws knife, and comes down behind* GEORGE.)

GEORGE. Well, thank Heaven! I have passed safely through that terrible ordeal, by the aid of my good friends and particularly through the clever wit of my dear good, brave Larry. Oh! what misanthrope says there is no such thing as a friend. And Blake. He'll never trouble me again. (*turns to go, sees* BLAKE, *starts! bus.*)

BLAKE. He will give you more trouble, I'll warrant you, after he is through with you this time! (*Bent forward with knife in his hand which he holds behind him*)

GEORGE. What do you mean to do now, you miserable scoundrel!

BLAKE (*sneaking down*). I mean to kill you! and thus free myself of the bitterest enemy I have on earth!

GEORGE. If I am your enemy I have not shown it by anything I have done towards you.

BLAKE. You ruined my good name and reputation and made me a fugitive on the face of the earth.

GEORGE. You ruined yourself by your own dishonesty!

BLAKE. And by your taunts you have sealed your doom. (*rushes toward them*)

GEORGE (*getting out of his way quickly*). Would

you attempt to murder me! I am unarmed! (*going round* BLAKE *trying to clinch him*)

BLAKE. So much the better for me. My danger is then small. (*rushes quickly on* GEORGE, *clinches him,* GEORGE *grabs* BLAKE'S *right hand, holds it up so that he cannot be stabbed with knife, they struggle.*)

LARRY (*rushing on* R. 2 E. *holding revolver, aiming it at* BLAKE). Drop that knife or I'll shoot it out of your hand and then I'll kill you afterwards!

BLAKE (*sees him, jumps away from* GEORGE *and drops knife, and cowers down on his knees before* LARRY). Have mercy!

LARRY. Pick up that knife, George. (GEORGE *picks it up and holds it in his hand*) Mercy! Mercy? Did you say mercy, Willard Blake, you contemptible murderous villain? I spared your life in the prison cell, but thanks to the good old flag no harm came from that mistake. This time I'll not make any mistake, I'm going to make you a good man now.

BLAKE. Oh! I promise you that hereafter I will do nothing but good and will always be good.

LARRY. Then I'll help you to do it! (*still pointing revolver*)

BLAKE (*pleased*). You will? (*air of satisfaction*)

LARRY. Yes by killing you! For you'll only be good when you're a dead one. Now prepare yourself (*mocking* RICARDO'S *speech*) Willard Blake, have you anything to say why the sentence of death upon you should not now be executed.

BLAKE. Oh! spare me! spare me! (*trembling visibly*) I will make amends for every wrong I have committed in my life by acts of charity and mercy to my fellow beings. Do not have the guilt upon your soul of murdering an unarmed, miserable and wretched being. I am now prepared to begin a new life and atone for my past sins.

LARRY (*very much affected*). I can't resist such

a heart-rending appeal. I can't kill you. No! I'll not do it. (*turns from him*)

BLAKE (*jumping up in glee*). Then I'm free! Free to live again and——

LARRY (*hands his gun to* GEORGE). You're his game and the honor of killing you—you miserable viper is his. Kill him George, as you would a crawling poisonous snake.

GEORGE (*takes gun and points it at* BLAKE). Now, sir, the tables are turned and you die!

BLAKE (*down on his knees again as before*). Would you kill me, an unarmed man. (*bus.*)

GEORGE. My danger is then small!

BLAKE. Oh! No! No! Do not I pray you!

GEORGE. Lie there! you heartless villain and now grovel at the feet of the man whom you have tried so hard to kill! (*distant shots and shouts*) Shall I drag you to your companions whom you have betrayed!

BLAKE. No! No! Not that, I beg of you, they will tear me limb from limb!

GEORGE. Shall I bring you before Señor Gutierrez whom you have deceived and who is now seeking you?

BLAKE. No! No! Not that! I will be shot or hanged.

GEORGE. Ay! It mattered little to you whether I was shot or hanged, and it is not your fault that I now live!

BLAKE. Forgive me! Oh! For God's sake forgive me! I was maddened with a spirit for revenge for the wrong you heaped upon me.

GEORGE. Then can you blame me if I revenge myself on you now for the awful and cruel wrongs you have heaped upon me?

BLAKE. If our positions were reversed I would forgive you, I swear before my Maker, I would!

LARRY. In a pig's eye you would!

BLAKE. I would spare your life as I now beg you to spare mine and ask your forgiveness.

GEORGE. Liar! You despicable wretch you would kill me as I now——

LARRY (*jumps with glee*). Good!

GEORGE. —forgive you. (*putting down revolver*) Go, Willard Blake. Right or wrong I have spared your miserable life, in the hope that you will become a better man.

LARRY. Never! (*bus. of disgust*) Just my infernal luck, I was born on Friday.

GEORGE. Go your way, Willard Blake, and may we never meet again.

(BLAKE *rises and moves slowly towards* L. U. E. *bus.*)

GEORGE (*taking* LARRY *by hand*). Again you have saved my life. How can I ever repay you.

LARRY. By killing that scoundrel. (*pointing to* BLAKE)

GEORGE. No—no matter what his crimes may be I do not possess the right to take away his life, so by handing me the revolver you see you saved two lives instead of one. Oh! (*joyfully*) Larry, you're a great fellow. (*going left*)

LARRY (*going with him*). Yes, I wish I was just half as great.

(*Exit* LARRY *and* GEORGE R. 2 E.)

BLAKE. Yes, you've spared the life of the viper but you forgot to pull its fangs! (*about to go* R.)

(DUNN *followed by his companions rush on* R. U. E. *making great noise.* BLAKE *about to run off* L.)

DUNN (*pointing revolver*). One moment, Willard, here are some gentlemen who would like to say good-bye to you before you leave us. (BLAKE *looks around, cowers and stops, two of the mob rush up, take hold of him and bring him to center*) Now boys, here is the man who has proved himself a traitor. What is the punishment of traitors?

OMNES. Hanging! (BLAKE *in great fear and trembling*)

DUNN. Where is the rope?

VOICE. Here I have it! (*man brings rope to* DUNN)

BLAKE. Not so! (*he grabs pistol from belt of one of his captors and shoots himself, falls and dies.*)

(*Enter* R. 1 E. RICARDO, FIRMAN, GERALD, LARRY, RASTUS, PRIEST *and* GEORGE *followed by* OFFICER *commanding squad of soldiers who cross stage and stand* L. *down.*)

DELGATO (*going up to* BLAKE, *standing beside him and pointing to him*). The wages of sin is death, for as ye sow so shall ye reap and with what measure ye mete unto others it will be measured unto you again, and may the Lord have mercy on him.

OFFICER. Take aim!

DELGATO. Poor misguided man you have run your wicked course—may Heaven grant that you sorrowful fate be a warning to all who seek the destruction of their fellow beings. (*coming down and standing in front of the soldier*). Stay! Let there be no useless and cruel shedding of blood. If those men (*pointing to insurgents*) have anything to say in their defense, let them be heard, and I beg of you, Senor Ricardo, to give them a respectful hearing and generous treatment.

LARRY. I'm sorry that man (*pointing to* PRIEST) isn't an Irishman, he ought to be one.

RICARDO (*to* DUNN). Have you anything to say? (*at some time motions soldiers to desist*)

DUNN. Señor Gutierrez, we surrender. This uprising was planned by Willard Blake who will do you and us no more harm. His charges against George Morris were all utterly false. We as well as you have been deceived by him and we ask that you use your influence with your government to secure our pardon.

RICARDO. Spoken like a brave man. I will do as you ask and have no fear but that it will be granted at once.

LARRY. Thank Heavens! We are all saved at last!

GERALD (*to* FIRMAN). And now let us all return to God's country!

FIRMAN. Yes, the United States of America! (*Goes up to* RICARDO *and they shake hands*)

LARRY. First cousin to Ireland, the land of the brave and the home of the free. (*dancing in glee*)

PICTURE—CURTAIN—MUSIC; COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

JUST PUBLISHED

1909 IN FRENCH'S STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION

THE GREAT COLLEGE PLAY ENTITLED

BROWN OF HARVARD

A Play in Four Acts

By RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

TOM BROWN.
GERALD THORNE, stroke oar of the "Varsity Eight," who is not his own master.
WILFRED KENYON.
CLAXTON MADDEN,
JOHN CARTWRIGHT,
"TUBBY" ANDERSON,
"HAPPY" THURSTON,
WALTER BARNARD,
WARREN PIERCE,
THOMPSON COYNE. } Students with properly developed college spirit.
"BUB" HALL, "Varsity Coach."
VICTOR COLTON, who wants the English crew to defeat his Alma Mater.
CODRINGTON, Manager of the English crew.
ELLIS, Manager of the Varsity crew.
CAPTAIN HODGES,
GEORGE SELWYN,
JAMES VAN RENSSALAER,
ARTHUR BLAKE,
AUSTIN LATCHOW. } Members of the Varsity crew.

OLD CLOTHES MAN. MRS. KENYON. MARIAN THORNE.
DOORKEEPER. EMELYN KENYON. EDITH SINCLAIR.
BUTLER.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

PLACE.—Cambridge, Mass.
SCENE.—Tom Brown's and Claxton Madden's apartments in "The Wetherby," a students' apartment house.

ACT II

SCENE.—Yard at Harvard. The exterior of a dormitory.

ACT III

SCENE.—"The Varsity Boat Club" on the day of the race with the English Amateurs. The scene is laid in the large hall of the boathouse.

ACT IV

SCENE.—Same as Act One.

"Brown of Harvard" has the genuine college atmosphere, with moments of excitement and even of sentimental interest. To begin with, there is, of course, Brown himself, a paragon of all the ordinary virtues, with the additional and rare one of modesty. Then, there is Wilton Ames, who is not his own master, and Victor Colton, who wants the English crew to defeat his Alma Mater, and who is not above using the weaker student to accomplish his own villainous purpose. For the rest, they are college boys of various types, girls of the sort who like to come to afternoon tea in the fellows' room and who whoop it up for them when any sort of a contest is on. The play's chief appeal comes from the fact that it reflects in its entirety the buoyant, wholesome spirit of youth. Some lively and entertaining glimpses of college life are shown. Glimpses into typical student sanctums, the fun and frolic of goodfellowship, the chat of the crew, snatches of college songs, the harmless flirtations of the town and campus—these are all pleasant features of the piece. All this and a stirring boat-race scene added makes a play of college life that fairly teems with the varsity atmosphere. The characters are well drawn and there is action and movement throughout the four acts. Plays a full evening.

PRICE, 50 CENTS

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

OCT 21 1916

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5

JUST PUBLISHED

AT YALE

A Comedy Drama of College Life in Three Acts

By OWEN DAVIS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dick Sheeley	Yale '05.
Mr. Clayton Randal	Of New York.
Jack Randal	His son, Yale '05.
Dave Burly	Substitute on Yale Crew.
Jim Tucker	Captain of Yale Crew.
Jimsey	A Telegraph Messenger Boy.
Clancy	A Prize-fighter.
John Kennedy	Coach Yale Crew.
Frank Young	Member of Yale Crew.
Ed. Scott	Friend of Dick and Member of Yale Crew.
Tom Haynes	Member of Yale Crew.
Robert Crosby	Member of Yale Crew.
Jepson	Boatman.
Pol	
Harry Wilson	
Will Taylor	
Mrs. Randal	Jack's Mother.
Dorothy Randal	Her daughter.
Polly Burk	A friend of Dorothy.
Mame Brady	A poor girl.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—Vanderbilt Hall, New Haven.

ACT II.—Scene 1.—A Boat House, Gales Ferry.
Scene 2.—The Start. Gales Ferry Quarters.
Scene 3.—The Race. Thames River.

ACT III.—Exterior of Griswold Hotel, Eastern Point. New London. The night of the race.

Comedy Drama of American College Life in Three Acts, by Owen Davis. piece was played with tremendous success all over the United States by Gilmore. Sixteen males, four females, four of the men being unimportant. s a play with a distinct college setting, in which athletics are prominent; he kind of play that is wanted by nearly every high school and college conating putting on a play as part of their commencement exercises. There etty college girls, freshmen, a telegraph messenger boy, coaches, typical e boys, members of the crew, substitutes, etc. Any number of males and s can be used in the ensembles. Plays a full evening.

PRICE, 25 CENTS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 799 535 2

JUST PUBLI

What Happened to Jones

An Original Farce in Three Acts

By GEORGE H. BROADHURST

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JONES, *who travels for a hymn-book house*
EBENEZER GOODLY, *a professor of anatomy*
ANTONY GOODLY, D.D., *Bishop of Ballarat*
RICHARD HEATHERLY, *engaged to Marjorie*
THOMAS HOLDER, *a policeman*
WILLIAM BIGBEE, *an inmate of the Sanitarium*
HENRY FULLER, *superintendent of the Sanitarium*
MRS. GOODLY, *Ebenezer's wife*
CISSY, *Ebenezer's ward*
MARJORIE, MINERVA, } *Ebenezer's daughters*
ALVINA STARLIGHT, *Mr. Goodly's sister*
HELMA, *a servant*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT 1.—Handsomely furnished room in home of Ebenezer Goodly.
ACT 2.—The same.
ACT 3.—The same.

This is the jolliest sort of a farce, clean and sparkling all the way through. A professor of anatomy is lured to a prize fight and the police make a raid on the "mill." The professor escapes to his home, followed by Jones, a traveling salesman, who sells hymn books when he can and playing cards when he cannot. The police are on the trail, so Jones disguises himself by putting on a Bishop's garb, and a lot of funny complications ensue. The other funmakers are aided not a little by an escaped lunatic. This celebrated farce has been a tremendous success for years on the professional stage and is now published for the first time.

PRICE, 50 CENTS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 799 535 2